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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The year goes out in rumours of peace, which might be mistaken for rumours of war. There is one conference sitting to make peace and another to avoid war. One cannot say that this zeal for peace shows that the world moves farther from war. We hear all this about peace simply because there has been war, and there may be more of it. When peace is assured we shall hear nothing about peace. The good people who are always prophesying the disappearance of war from human affairs always forget that war is not its own cause and can cease only when its causes cease. Those causes are not armaments or kings; they are much less obvious. Harness economic force and make all men see alike and war might be very rare. But it is idle to preach the wickedness of war when the wickedness is elsewhere. Our humanitarian visionaries have had a bad year. America rejects arbitration and would violate a treaty. France and Germany nearly fought last year; Italy and Turkey did fight (in a sense). Bulgaria and Turkey have fought desperately this year. If all this makes people sad, let them take heart to see that it is something to the good that people still care enough about anything to fight. Worse and more anti-Christian than the fighting spirit is the spirit that thinks nothing worth fighting for. Peace at any price does not at all pass all understanding.

The proceedings of the Ambassadors' Conference are only tentative, but though the Powers represented cannot be held formally bound by an agreement arrived at by the conference, they are not likely to repudiate its decision as to Albania. Albania is to be autonomous—in some tutelage to the Powers—and Serbia is to have access to the Adriatic. These are the two dangerous spots in the situation, and this understanding ought to remove serious risk of war. It is, of

course, merely a very vague understanding at present. Albanian autonomy may mean many different things, and Servian access to the Adriatic may come in more than one way. Access at Durazzo, which would give it to Servia, would mean war with Austria; so we may assume that the Ambassadors have ruled that out, and another outlet been agreed on. But is it merely a commercial outlet, a right of way to the coast, or is Servia to acquire territory? We are not out of the wood, but we can see daylight through.

The Turks have agreed to treat with the Greek delegates on the same terms as the rest of the Balkan representatives. The Allies' proposals include the cession of Adrianople, which the Turks refuse. This, at least, seems to be the present position. Delay is unquestionably in favour of Turkey, and they cannot be blamed for not yielding so important a point readily. The Bulgarians will be unwise if they insist on too hard terms. They might with advantage consider the example set by Japan at Portland.

M. Poincaré (according to Reuter) is to be a candidate for the French presidency. This should settle the matter. No other candidate can carry the weight he will, for no other will be nearly so eminent or so accomplished. It would be a very satisfactory conclusion, so far as the presidency goes; but will France gain entirely on balance? Can any other man fill M. Poincaré's place as Premier? Can the Government be kept together without him? It would be a misfortune for more than France if this Ministry were to break up.

The Canadian Liberal newspapers are taking an even more definite line against Mr. Borden's naval policy than did Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his official speech as leader of the Opposition. It seems likely that the Liberals will use their majority in the Senate to reject the Naval Bill, with the idea of referring it to the country. Liberal leaders affect to believe that the election of 1911 was a "panic" vote, and that they have only to pick a quarrel with the Government to get back with a working majority. The Liberals will be very unwise if they adopt these extremist tactics. The

constituencies would resent an unscrupulous use of the Senate against the Lower House; and there is no evidence that Mr. Borden's policy is not the most popular item in his programme.

The attack upon Lord Hardinge was carefully planned. It looks like the deliberate effort of a political society. The intention was to kill the Viceroy in circumstances that would lend every possible significance to the deed. Lord Hardinge was making his entry of State into the new imperial capital of India, whose dignity he was that day to proclaim at the Durbar. Every way the attempt has failed. The ceremonies went almost uninterruptedly forward; and the outburst of gladness among the assembled princes and leaders of India when Lord Hardinge was reported out of danger was spontaneous. It is but the miserable minority in India that approves assassination. Still it is difficult for the Government to deal with it if the Executive are not allowed really wide powers to act on their own motion.

If Mr. Bonar Law was unable to follow Lord Crewe's earlier Indian arguments, surely his last will puzzle more. Why does Lord Crewe persistently ignore the Imperial aspect of Preference and its advantages? What, again, are the inducements which as an English Minister he offers to India? We can resist India's cry for Protection so long only as we leave our own markets and manufactures unprotected. A poor consolation for India at best. Lord Crewe, again, omits to explain why with all this pose of complete equality in treatment he continues to relieve Lancashire goods of the full Customs duty paid by other commodities, and why a countervailing excise is levied only on the one manufacture which might compete with them.

Mr. F. E. Smith's speech at Dudley, which was to clear the air, would perhaps have done so more thoroughly had it not mingled the issues. The question is, shall new taxes on imported food be a part of the Unionist programme at the next General Election? It really is not a matter of dropping Tariff Reform, still less of dividing the party. We have in our mind many who think it would be wise to omit the duty on wheat for this turn, but not one of them would hear of dropping Tariff Reform. Nor Preference: which for completion would only have to wait a little longer. As for dividing the party, insistence on making food taxes an essential item of our programme for next election is perhaps more likely to divide it than anything else. But we do not believe the party will be divided in any event. We all hate the Government too much to run the smallest risk of helping it.

To judge them by their comments in the Press, the Government party is chiefly delighted at the idea of the food taxes going because it believes that this may make the English farmers turn into rats. We do not think that, food tax or no food tax, the English farmer is going to do that. But if he does turn into a rat, it will not be a rat in a Radical skin. The truth is the English farmer will have nothing to do with the Radicals. Radicalism has angled for the farmer's vote, and—what is far more valuable—the farmer's influence with his men, for the last thirty years without success. The farmer has come to the Radical bait and gladly removed it from the hook. The shiest and the wisest fish often act so.

Sir William Harcourt counted on getting the farmer when he brought in the Ground Game Bill. The farmer took that bait gladly, but he shunned the hook; and it has been so with all the crafty legislation passed by the Radicals. Latterly the Radicals have come to recognise this; and probably when they have brought in farmers' bills they have done so with the idea not so much of winning the farmer as of wounding the landowner. As to the prospects of the Government among the English farmers to-day, we should say that

the Chancellor of the Exchequer is more disliked and suspected by them than has been any Minister or party leader in modern times.

The sale of the Eggesford estate is another ill sign of the times. How gleeful the Government must be that they have succeeded in rooting the Wallop family at length out of Devonshire! They will now no doubt be able to boast with pride that, the Prime Minister having driven the owner of Eggesford out of the Government, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has nobly completed the rout by turning him out of the West of England. It is related, whether rightly or wrongly, that years ago the Prime Minister acted as tutor in the family under the rule of the last Earl of Portsmouth. Well, the whirligig of time has brought in a revenge for the head of the Government!

Eggesford is associated with fine old sporting days. We dare say that is so much the more reason why the Radicals, who, on the whole, hate sport and its traditions, should rejoice in the announcement of the sale. It is associated with the name of Jack Russell. Now a typical Radical would cordially dislike Jack Russell—on the double ground, we suppose, that he was a parson and a sportsman.

A Radical paper, which takes a serious view of politics, has discovered that Mr. Balfour is intent on edging Mr. Bonar Law off his seat on the Front Opposition Bench. Mr. Balfour has been watched, and it has been noticed that inch by inch he has crept up nearer and nearer the seat of honour. We are to understand that presently the Sir William Byles and the Labour M.P. business will be repeated. "My seat, Mr. Speaker!" These are the toys of politics, and it is perhaps natural that they should be brought out for children to play with at Christmas time.

Sedet, æternumque sedebit, infelix Theseus. The House of Commons really is becoming almost as "sedentary" as Theseus. Rising a day or two before Christmas, it is assembling again on Monday by order of Mr. Redmond, whose whip is addressed, delightful to relate, not only to the Irish Nationalists, but to "the Liberal and Labour men", as he styles them. Mr. Redmond is not going to allow any more "snap" divisions—as this not very gentle reminder to Mr. Illingworth shows. Is not the time coming for an absolute union of the Irish and the rest of the Government party? Why should not the National Liberal Federation affiliate with the Ancient Hibernians, or the Hibernians with the Federation?

It is a scandalous thing that the House of Commons should thus be kept sitting for a year and more at a stretch, though not one of the chief Government Bills really presses, and when the thing that presses chiefly is not even in the Government programme—the mending of the muddled Insurance Act. The old outcry against the House of Commons sitting constantly after midnight was largely one of softs and weaklings. Melbourne and Pitt and Palmerston thought nothing of sitting through the night, and their followers took the custom in good part. To-day the Government is alarmed unless it can get to bed by midnight. Yet the hardship, the quite unnecessary hardship, and the folly of sitting practically for a year at a stretch appear to be quite overlooked!

National Insurance Day, 15 January, is dies fausta at any rate within Stafford Borough. Mr. R. W. Essex, member for Stafford, has published a decision that he will give a silver mug, suitably inscribed, to every baby born within the first twenty-four hours in which medical benefit is due. There is only one proviso—not, as one would imagine, that the medical benefits must really be satisfactorily arranged before the mugs are "suitably inscribed". The babies must survive for at least one calendar month. The irony is keen enough as it is; if the babies died under the Act within one calendar month, it would seem to have too sharp an edge.

The British Medical Association finally declared itself on Monday. It refuses to work the National Insurance Act upon the terms of the Government; it calls upon its members to refrain from joining the local panels; and it forbids them to negotiate with the local insurance committees. The Association's policy clearly emerged in last Saturday's discussion of the Birmingham motion that doctors should be recommended to attend insured persons at the Government rate of remuneration, but not under the Government regulations. This motion, incorporated into the official report, makes it clear that the doctors are not objecting to the pay, but to the conditions, of their service. Accordingly, the Association has directed its members to offer their attendance upon insured persons to the local medical committees. Their final terms are (a) the free choice of doctor by patient and patient by doctor, (b) a minimum contract basis of 8s. 6d., (c) the income limit to be arranged locally.

The Government's policy is equally clear. They reject the terms of the Association; and officially declare that, in the event of panel arrangements "being inadequate in any area, other provision will be made for giving medical benefit to all insured persons who require it as from 15 January". Dr. Lauriston Shaw, at the Association meeting on Monday, officially proclaimed the policy of local submission, and resigned his place upon the Council. "Opposition rapidly breaking down" is the headline of a Radical newspaper based upon the resignation of Dr. Shaw and his colleagues. The position is precisely as though the Government were making terms with the dissenting members of a Trade Union over the heads of their representative leaders.

Panels are forming rapidly in some districts; in others not at all. At Swansea the local division have gone so far as to ask the British Medical Association formally to release them from their pledges. At Doncaster panels are assured. In Gloucester only three doctors have offered; and the Liverpool doctors have re-asserted the policy of the Association *tel quel*. This gives some impression of the curious diversity of policy. It is at present quite impossible to discover the motives influencing this or that district to take precisely opposite views.

The policy of the hospitals is set forth in the manifesto from S. Bartholomew's. After 15 January all persons applying for treatment will be required to say whether they are insured or not. Insured persons "with small ailments" will not be treated; and they will be referred to a hospital doctor to decide whether the ailment is small or large. Here, at least, is one serious result of Mr. Lloyd George's blundering. It is a great opening for unpopularity for the Act with large numbers of poor people who have always regarded the hospitals as their natural refuge. The S. Bartholomew's manifesto makes it quite clear that only the most urgent cases will be treated if the applicant is insured. Any case "which can be treated by a general practitioner of ordinary competence" will be dismissed.

The Government has been very leisurely over the appointment of the Royal Commission to inquire into the delays in the Law Courts. But the names are at last announced, and most of them are undistinguished laymen, the ordinary Liberal M.P., perhaps as closely representative of the popular ignorance of the subject as can be expected. Viscount S. Aldwyn, the Chairman, and Viscount Goschen are exceptional in not belonging to this Liberal section. The legal element is cut down in the severest manner. Only one Judge, Mr. Justice Darling, and one barrister of any kind of distinction, Mr. Acland K.C., are on the Commission. These two names are quite as satisfactory as any others to qualify the utter ignorance of the lay element; and it was perhaps not desirable to have many lawyers on such a Commission.

Mr. Justice Darling has perhaps been chosen in recognition of the humorous side of the Commission. Who, indeed, would take it seriously? Nothing could be less required for collecting information; and it has been appointed for the same reason that many others have been. Legislation was inconvenient, but the demand for additional Judges could no longer be shelved. A certain section of Radicals and Labour men, who made a great cry about economy, objected, but the Government had at last to act against their followers. The Commission is by way of admission of their complaints as to the generally unsatisfactory condition of legal affairs, and it enabled them to drop their opposition to the Judges. But it was legislation on patent defects and not a Commission of inquiry that was wanted.

When Mr. Justice Bailhache became a Judge of the High Court we remarked that he would make an admirable Judge in every respect save one, where his experience at the Bar was lacking. He had no previous experience of criminal trials, and no Judge, however able, ought to be set to try criminal cases who knows nothing of crime or criminals. Mr. Justice Bailhache was sent on circuit almost immediately; and the circuit stories of him as a "Red Judge" recall similar stories when Chancery Judges were once sent on circuit, and one of them committed the ludicrous blunder of mistaking the expression "bloody shirt" as a reference to a real "exhibit". As the Chancery Judges were taken off business they did not understand, so should King's Bench Judges. The modern spirit of criminology requires expert Criminal Judges. The lack of them is a weak point in the judiciary, and one of the most serious arguments for generosity in the manning of the Bench.

The protest of the Newcastle magistrates against the reopening of Knox' case is quite reasonable. Mr. Chester Jones was a very irregular Court of Appeal and of no higher status than the magistrates. The other day the magistrate at Bow Street refused to hear an application which was in effect an appeal from an order of Mr. Chester Jones. But Mr. Chester Jones can overrule a whole bench of provincial magistrates. No wonder they do not like it. It is not quite fair however to say that his report was intended to find a way out of the difficulty apart from the merits. It was agreed that if Knox was drunk the men would go in, and if he was not the railway company would give way.

Mr. Arnold Hills has fought a splendid fight for the men of the Thames Ironworks Company. He has been defeated so far however by the Court ordering the works and properties to be sold for the benefit of the debenture-holders. He still believes the position may be saved and intends to appeal. Very few Christmas greetings will be so welcome as the manager's to his men. They have had notice of discharge, and he writes to them: "Do not let such notice spoil your Christmas. The fight has not yet finished, and the battle is not lost till it is won. I will not desert you in the darkest hour before the dawn. I bid you be of good cheer. Our extremity is God's opportunity, and I doubt not there is still in store for us all a happy New Year". Mr. Arnold Hills is no Scrooge.

Literally Mr. Petre was braving the air on Tuesday when he fell. This is the second death within a month of an airman who was flying when the risks were obviously too great. Mr. Petre was flying in half a gale. It seems to have been pure love of the risk that tempted him. There was not the usual crowd impatient to see somebody fly. This fatal overhardiness should be checked, not encouraged. Mr. Petre was an extremely clever young apprentice to science; but he fell a victim to sport. Those who saw him fall describe how the wind simply took the machine out of his hands. No science or skill could have saved him. Mr. Petre kept his head wonderfully while his machine tossed helplessly, quite beyond his control.

A correspondent of the "Morning Post" sends home some lively details of the excavation of Nero's "Golden House". Here too were the baths of Titus and Trajan; and it was within a niche of one of the underground passages of the buried palace that the Laocoon is said to have been found in the early sixteenth century. So far as the work has gone, the mural paintings seem to be illustration of Nero's poem, the "Troica", mentioned by Suetonius and Dion Cassius, satirised by Juvenal, and recited by Nero when Rome was burning. These excavations, undoubtedly of the first importance, are undertaken by the Italian Government at the instance of Dr. Fritz Weege. Dr. Weege is already well known in Germany as the author of a "treatise" upon a single room of Nero's palace. For its area alone, this excavation is a big undertaking. The Golden House, when the Emperor was at last "lodged as a man should be", reached from the Palatine far up the Esquiline.

The tourist, it seems, was not born yesterday. Dr. Weege has come upon him as far back as 1495. "Besides the mural paintings", the message runs, "the excavations have revealed a number of historic names, scratched, after the fashion of the Bank holiday tourist, on the walls and ceilings. Nearly two hundred such names have been already noted down, beginning with the year 1495. Most of them are Dutch; but of Britons there are Cameron, Buchan, and John Parker. One King has scrawled his name there—Gustavus Adolphus III. of Sweden, with the date 1784, eight years before his assassination."

Sir Hercules Read is doing a good public service in calling attention to the projected sale of the Tong church cup. This selling of church plate is a very unpleasant business. If Churchmen cannot keep their churches going without selling the rich offerings of ancient pious donors, they cannot with good grace demand to be left unmolested in the possession of what in a way may be called their heirlooms. No incumbent or churchwardens have a moral right to sell any of the ornaments of their church until they have exhausted every other possible means of getting the money wanted. They must also show that the need is urgent. We are not aware that the Vicar of Tong has made out any such case for selling the cup. Unfortunately, many of our ecclesiastical authorities are Philistines. Bishops who would pull down Wren's churches to raise money would hardly be concerned at the sale of a cup. However, waste is not the order everywhere; restoration (true, not in the architects' sense) is going on too. The rector of S. Dunstan's, Idol Lane, with the divine tower, is steadily gathering in the scattered plate and ornaments of his church. Mr. West is thus showing a more excellent way.

The King happily intervened to save the Green Park from his father's memorial. The Carlton House site, between the Athenæum and the United Service Clubs, is better in every way. It is laid out to set off a statue to advantage. But why should a vast statue be the *idée fixe* for King Edward's memorial? The site was but a small part of the great objection many had to the proposal for the Green Park. If the site may at the last moment be changed, may not the statue itself be dropped? Or, if the statue idea is unalterable, is Mr. Mackennal also immutable?

Perhaps there is one thing only more banal than talk about weather in England, and that is weather in England at this time of year. We do not believe in the least the stories that these horrible green winters were as usual in England in Chaucer's time and in the Elizabethan time as they are to-day. In Old England people were killed outright by the rigour of winter, where to-day they die by inches through the softness and slush of it. The softening of the English weather has probably something to do with the softening of the English character. Harsh weather braces men up; but days such as this season has given enervate body and mind.

THE TARIFF PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

THE very sober and practical suggestion that the food taxes should be held over from the Unionist programme for this turn has been the signal for an hysterical outburst. If the food taxes are dropped for a moment, *ruat cælum*. Without the food taxes there can be no Tariff Reform; without Tariff Reform there can be no Unionist party. We are cowards, afraid of our own policy; we are false to our ideals, traitors to the Empire; altogether lost souls, soon to pass into the eternal shades, which would not matter were we not only too likely to bring down our party with us. We be all dead men, in fact, except the one distinguished journalist shrieking on the housetops. We like enthusiasm, we are all for conviction, we mind not so much what a man cares about so that he does care; the man who is dead in earnest about an error is better than he who plays with the truth. So this terrible excitement does not upset us nor annoy us. It rather heartens, for it must have the effect of making some of the crowd of indifferents look up to see who is calling. Then they may stop to hear what he is shouting about, and after that they may even begin to think; and if they begin to think, we need not trouble more. They will soon see that the tariff question is just a matter of business, to be calculated out coldly. It is curious, though it has been so from the first, that Tariff Reform has always appeared to some minds in the guise of a sentiment, a matter of feeling and intense emotion. To some, of course, especially to what are called magnetic people, everything is an emotion; it is the secret of their power; never below white-heat themselves, they make their environment quick with energy, if sometimes insufferably hot. But Tariff Reform has appealed to the feelings of many not at all of this consuming type, quite dull souls ordinarily. We have been amazed to hear these plain men talking of Tariff Reform as a religion, for their limitations had generally prevented them making fools of themselves. With a good many this sort of talk was, of course, a pose, as they thought they were producing an effect by this head-over-ears discipleship to the new gospel. Looked at with un-bacchanter eyes (willy or nilly) tariff questions appear about as alien from sentiment or spirituality as anything could be. Even the emotional Gladstone could not fancy himself getting up any fine phrensy over "parcels" as in his disappointment he contemptuously named the Board of Trade, when offered that department. The only way to understand Tariff Reform and its bearings is to take it as a hard matter of business, just a calculation of advantage. The Free Traders have long made themselves, and to too large an extent their country, ridiculous by treating Free Trade as a philosophy and then a gospel instead of a calculation. Why should we make ourselves similarly foolish? Tariff Reform, including the food taxes, is to be made for man, not man for Tariff Reform.

Keeping our heads on, we shall see that when any fiscal change, or new way of presenting a fiscal policy, is presented there is nothing to do but to calculate how it will work out. We ourselves have always been convinced Tariff Reformers. If anyone cares to take the trouble, he will find by searching the files of the "SATURDAY" that we were Tariff Reformers, advocating generally what Mr. Chamberlain advocates, long before Mr. Chamberlain proposed anything of the sort; when, rather, he was very strongly opposing it. We have always believed that the present system of free imports told against, not for, this country, and we believe it more than ever. But it was just a question of balance of gain; there was no moral side to it. A man might be—probably was—a fool for not agreeing with us, but not a scoundrel. There was no loss of character in being a Free Trader. We also have always believed in and have advocated Imperial Preference; we believe it is necessary to keep the Empire together. Why? Precisely because, delightful as patriotic sentiment is, to stand the strain of the stress it has to meet we believe it requires a stiffening of business advantage. Preference is a system of mutual advantage

between the different parts of the Empire, and must be discussed on that basis. The whole matter, then, being so much a calculation of more or less, not of eternal principles, we must approach it practically. Having agreed as to what, roughly, is to be done, or ought to be done, we have to consider how it can be done. It is on the question, how, that Unionists are not entirely agreed. The vast majority of Unionists are Tariff Reformers and in favour of Preference. The party is a Tariff Reform party, and always will be. Most of us, too, believe that Preference is impossible without some tax on foreign imported corn and perhaps some other foodstuffs. Therefore we have earnestly desired that the country should be converted to that view and have approved of it being put in the forefront of the party programme. In no other way could the policy be put effectively before the country. Educatively it has had a great effect. Neither are we at all sure that in most parts the food taxes have seriously hindered the party's success at elections; the rest of the Tariff Reform proposals we are sure have very much helped us. But it is practically certain that the name "food tax" has been a very alarming bugbear and scared large numbers of voters in Lancashire and, above all, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. They be very few who, definitely Unionist on all other points, would refrain from voting with us next time because of the food taxes; but a large number of the not insignificant crowd who have no very strong party views might and probably would do so. Therefore the practical question we have to face is this: Which is the more serious risk—to postpone the food taxes and trust yet a little longer to the patience of those Colonies that give us a working preference, or to go to the country with the burden of these taxes once more, risking another failure with its consequent five more years of Radical Government? All sensible Unionists will admit at once that if the food taxes meant another Radical quinquennium, it would be madness not to leave them behind. It is very certain that Preference would make no way, that Colonial feeling would not be cultivated but rather flouted, while a Radical Government was in office. A Unionist régime with Tariff Reform, taxes on foreign imported food excluded, would be very much nearer the Imperial idea of all Unionists than any Radical dispensation could be. It would be very much nearer Tariff Reform ideals pure and simple. Meantime the other tremendous trusts for which the Unionist party, which sits in the seat of the Tories, exists will be fulfilled. The Constitution will be saved and restored, the Church will be defended and the spoiler of churches disabled, the country gentleman and the whole countryside more or less bound up with him relieved from ceaseless attack; and Ireland will be saved from Home Rule and the United Kingdom from being broken up. All these great interests hang on next election. How can we take a single risk that we need not?

It is, of course, still a question, a question that only experience can answer, whether the proposed food duties will hinder our success at next election; whether dropping them for this time will enable us to win when otherwise we should lose. There is no other reason for dropping them but that they are believed to be a handicap to our side, even a grave handicap in Lancashire and Yorkshire. One could not say this was proved—it is hardly possible to prove it—but it is certainly the view of a vast number of experienced electioneers. Their view we do not think the party is entitled to ignore at this crisis. It is a foolish misrepresentation to speak of the proposal to drop the food duties for a time as the abandonment of Tariff Reform. In the first place, so far as Tariff Reform touches manufactured articles—not a small item, surely—it stands to gain by the proposal. It has a better chance of being given a practical trial. We believe this first instalment of Tariff Reform will work so well that experience of it will help us to carry the rest of the plan—Imperial Preference—later. The Colonies recognise that we must develop our tariff campaigns

in our own way. They would not take the decision to carry Tariff Reform in instalments instead of all at one stroke to mean that we were giving up Preference. They would not so misunderstand us.

We sympathise with those who are always in favour of the bold course, who advise attack instead of defence, who deprecate too much finessé. It is our own attitude. But to change your plan of campaign is not necessarily want of boldness. The boldest of generals have before now had to abandon the attack made on one side of a position and try another. It is not the brilliant campaigner who hammers for ever at the same spot, merely repeating the assault.

THE ATTACK ON THE LAND.

CERTAINLY one would much rather not go into the question of Radical plutocracy. The red deer—with cloven hoofs or not—of Lord Pirrie, the golden pheasants of Cowdray or Paddockhurst, and the Gaddesby millions—which, by the way, would have made a good title for a story by Trollope—these things ought not to be a public matter at all—and would not be, were it not for Radical insistence. Such personalities are not nice. The old English tradition was that the private affairs of an Englishman concerned that Englishman alone, and were not fit matters for political debate and public curiosity. The right of an Englishman to be guarded from impertinent intrusion was no doubt prized by Whigs quite as dearly as it was prized by Tories, though the famous boast that every Englishman's cottage is his castle actually originated, we believe, in a purple passage of Chatham's—"The poorest may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter—but the King of England cannot enter! All his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!" We have changed all that to-day. Even the industry and wealth of Ulster must not defy the forces of Mr. Redmond and Mr. Asquith! The Englishman's "tenement" is first of all ruined by a People's Budget forced through Parliament against the will of the People, and by additions to the "Devil's Duties"; and then the Chancellor of the Exchequer will escort across its threshold the Crown, in the shape of a deferential and apologetic, but professionally inquisitive young man, who explains to the owner he is "very sorry to intrude" but fears he "must ask to come into the house" as he is collecting material for Mr. Lloyd George's valuation. So much for the boast of Chatham, which drew a eulogy from one of the bitterest Liberals who sat in the House of Commons last century. Thanks to Radicalism brought up to date, we can no longer take our stand on the sacredness of the private affairs of an Englishman: we must be content, with Mr. Josiah Wedgwood M.P., to take our stand on "the sacredness of an Englishman's private correspondence"—so far as the suffragettes will allow us. Under the régime at the Treasury, as inspired by Mr. Lloyd George and his circle, no private person's bankbook, household effects, kitchen garden, stable, motor-shed or greenhouse are any longer his private affairs. They must be peered into. They are things to be set down in a note-book by either (1) a public official or (2) a mysterious agent or spy appointed by a body which owes its being to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his friends, and which, if shied away from in public, is believed to be encouraged in private by the Prime Minister.

Everyone who has the slightest real knowledge of politics to-day knows perfectly well why this system of sneaks and of spies has been started. It has been started expressly to humiliate, to wound the landed class in England. It has been started to spoil and to down the landowners because this class is, beyond dispute, against the politics of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Radical party: because it is imperial, patriotic, loyal.

Incidentally, doubtless, in making things hot for

their political foes, the Government must offend some of their own friends. We could cite some few examples of offended Liberal landowners whom the Government has shed by its bitter animus against their class; whilst there is a larger number of small Liberal and Radical owners of bits of land here and there and a little cottage or house property in country districts, who are gradually breaking away from their party in alarm and disgust owing to Form IV. and its illegal, bullying threats. But it would be idle to pretend that the bulk of the land people in the countryside is not made up of Unionists. It of course is: so that in striking at the land the Government has felt confident that on the whole its blows will fall on the right people—the people who vote Unionist at elections.

The Government plan of campaign is two-fold: they desire to smash the landowners, the country gentlemen, large and small, together with the "territorialists", as Lord Morley styles the few great owners, chiefly peers of the old ruling order, scattered here and there thinly—but still powerfully—throughout the country; and at the same time they desire to poison the minds of the country masses against the country upper classes. The first part of the plan is to be carried out mainly by such taxation as must ultimately force the owners to sell. The second part is to be carried out by a campaign of calumny, which almost at once will be in full swing in every constituency in Great Britain.

The idea is to represent the working classes all over the country districts as miserable and down-trodden serfs. The cottager, the farm labourer is to be presented to himself and to the world in general very much in the light in which La Bruyère saw the French peasantry in the last century—a dead level mass of "sullen animals", scarcely articulate, and living on "black bread, water and roots". And he is to be persuaded that he owes his degradation simply to the brutal selfishness of the Tory landowner.

It is true of course that this is quite an old game which is always being played at the elections and by-elections. It has been played more or less from the days when Cobbett rode about the land cursing parson and squire, and when Canning wrote the best political squib in the language—the poem of the pestilent Radical demagogue and the needy knife-grinder. Moreover it has failed of its effect during the last few years. It failed at the last two general elections in a way that astonished many Unionists and Radicals alike. But let not Unionists cheat themselves into the pleasant belief that the cry has lost its old vitality and that the danger is past. The electioneers are this time going to make "a dead lift spasm" of all their carefully husbanded efforts, and promises are to be put forward compared with which those of 1885, 1892 and 1906, and even 1910, will appear to the thirstier voters in the countryside small beer indeed. The Radicals now recognise that they have to live down the anger and disappointment caused by the ninpence for fourpence trick. That can only be done by promising at least ninpence for nothing at all; and the Radical demagogues and their hosts of hirelings are preparing to do it as it has never been done before. There is, virtually, nobody now to hold them back on their own side. Most of the "respectables" on that side have been weeded out. The few that still linger will, we fear, simply stand aloof. The Prime Minister has clearly made up his mind to be acquiescent. It has been said he will look over the hedge at the horse being stolen. Well, perhaps that is somewhat harsh towards him. Let us, rather, assume he will decently but not obtrusively turn his back on his friends when that business is going forward in the next field. But later he will be glad to welcome the horse to his stable.

One of the disagreeable things which Unionists, strictly in self-defence, will now have to bring to the notice of the country voters all over England is Radical plutocracy. The ring fences and private motor road and glasshouses under the water of Lord Pirrie, the

pheasantries and ancient demesnes of Lord Cowdray, and the week-end gatherings at Gaddesby, about which Mr. Hemmerde is so enthusiastic, ought not of course to be considered at all at an election or in any serious debate on politics. It is disgusting that matters like these should be brought into public prominence. But the Radicals leave their opponents absolutely no choice in the matter. They now simply insist by their own incessant flow of personalities that their opponents shall likewise deal in personalities. They foul the stream of politics without ceasing—how is it humanly possible that the Unionists as a party shall preserve it perfectly clear?

The Radical party is not made wholly of millionaires. It is not all cocoa—though some of the Socialists are accustomed to regard it as all cant. Even high up in the councils of the party is doubtless a sprinkling of the poor who must always be with us, even in politics. But it is really certain that at the present time there is a body of wealthy men on the Radical side, and that these men are very powerful in the party. The voters in the country districts must be brought to understand that the power behind the throne of Radical demagoguery to-day is the influence and commanding wealth of men with a thousand times "their share" of the "good things that make life worth living".

It is not decent, it is not safe, that demagoguery should be directed or sustained by such a class. This is the truth which it is the unpleasant but bounden duty of Unionists to bring home at once to all the voters in country England.

THE DOCTORS' STAND.

THE decisive test of the Resolutions passed by the British Medical Association is this—how do they affect the administration of the Act? If the doctors could carry their point and get Mr. Lloyd George to accept their conditions, we should get a medical profession satisfied on the point of professional self-respect and honour. The pecuniary disputes are as good as settled. It has been easy for the public to see from the beginning that at any rate this point would have to be settled in favour of the doctors. No efficiency was to be expected without this, and efficiency of medical service was the magic strain with which Mr. George charmed the ears of friends and opponents. After many struggles, which he might have avoided if he had consulted the doctors before the Act instead of ignoring them to the latest moment, Mr. George has had to admit that efficiency was impossible unless he proposed pecuniary terms that met with medical approval. The result is seen in their acceptance, and in this respect we could enter on the administration of the Act with some security that it would be fairly workable. It is desirable that it should work. We do not wish to see its collapse, in spite of the strong temptation to say to Mr. George, "You are responsible for the breakdown, and you were told what would happen".

Now, if he is going to treat the doctors in the matter of the conditions and regulations which are to bind the profession as he treated them over the pecuniary terms, the Act will not serve the only purpose which was worth the cost of so much strife and bitterness. Mr. George made one great mistake over the Act, and led his Government into it. The electioneering politics of the Government were not served by it, and the popularity they counted on was not achieved. They made the best of a bad job by the pretence, which only excites a smile, that they foresaw the unpopularity, and deliberately incurred it in order to establish a better medical service in the interests of national health. But with all this ingenuity and resource they have to accept the position that their Insurance Act has been a bad political move. It is not wise of them to increase their unpopularity by offering the public a system which is evidently a makeshift, and which neither keeps to the letter of the Act nor observes its spirit. If the doctors, through their most reputable and responsible authorities, refuse to have anything to do with the Act, then there is absolutely no means of placating an irritated public.

Very possibly the angry employers and employed who, having to pay insurance subscriptions, cherish many grievances, may not be as solicitous as they ought to be for the improved general health; but it would be at least something to offer in mitigation of their hostility. As for the doctors, there has been some politics already, which partly accounts for the attitude of acceptance or rejection of the terms on which the Act has been presented to them; and prudence would suggest to Mr. George that he should not create more zealous electioneering agents against the Government by refusing to consider any further the professional position as formulated by the British Medical Association. He need not create for himself unnecessary trouble, and we hope, therefore, that he may yet see his way to understand the importance of liberating the doctors from the thralldom in which the profession is left by the regulations that have been laid down for the Insurance Committees. He may be counting on there being a sufficient number of defections from the British Medical Association policy to work the Act in several possible forms. This is rating the medical professional esprit de corps, trade-unionism, or whatever it may be called, lower than it will probably be found to be. He runs a very great risk of being unable to fob off plausibly any of his alternative services, by the practically absolute fidelity of the medical profession to their professional ethics and their sense of what is due to them as a learned body, resenting the ignorant control of their professional life by laymen in place of professional self-governance. No body of professional men would submit to this. It seems as if Mr. George had borrowed it from that particular branch of dissent where the pastor is galled by the all-pervading officiousness of the deacons.

But supposing he is right instead of wrong, and he has generally been wrong over the Insurance Act, and the doctors should accede in sufficient numbers to avoid a patent fiasco. He takes advantage, on this supposition, of a panic fear amongst the doctors. They fear to lose the pecuniary advantages the British Medical Association has secured for them, and they throw over the Association on the critical point of professional honour. It is not credible that any considerable number of the twenty-seven thousand whose object all through the struggle has been even more to safeguard their professional honour than to secure advanced capitation allowances, will prove unfaithful to their pledge. But even so Mr. George would have won a barren success. His "sufficient numbers" would consist of those who made the pecuniary bargain the first consideration, and the men who valued a professional standard they were resolved to maintain would be those who would have nothing to do with the Act. The medical service for the insured would by that fact alone be condemned to inferiority in the public view. In the working of the Insurance Act far more will depend on the relations of the doctors and the insured being guarded by a high ideal of honour than on any minuteness of regulation devised by Insurance Commissioners and Insurance Committees. Split up the medical profession into those who do and those who do not accept the Act, and the powerful influence of the profession as a whole is withdrawn as a check on the Insurance doctors. The malingering patient and the malingering doctor, the doctor who wants to take it easy for himself and make it easy for his patient for cheap popularity, may introduce an atmosphere into State Insurance which will be known as contemptible and regarded as fraudulent and odious. Against this probability Mr. George is throwing away his best chance of prevention, if he allows himself the luxury of abruptly bringing all negotiations with the organised medical profession to an end. The sudden official snarl at the proposal of the British Medical Association meeting for another arrangement of the relation of the doctors and the Insurance Committees is a natural ebullition of bad temper, but if it is the mark of a permanent mood, it will be bad both for the Act and for the Government. There is room for accommodation. It is an obvious criticism that giving

the go-by to the control of the Insurance Committees amounts to a proposal that the doctors and the approved societies would share public money without public control. But we may be sure this is not the object aimed at by the doctors. The control they are thinking of is that of laymen in committees mostly ignorant of their profession, partly hostile, partly under political influences which have been too apparent already, and may act also in the future. They place their hope of obtaining a satisfactory *modus vivendi* through their Medical Committees. They ask Mr. George to revoke the hard and fast regulations under which the Insurance Committees are to deal with the doctors. They were mostly imposed at a late stage by way of drawback from the improved pecuniary terms then conceded. The wisest plan, if Mr. George wishes to do the best for his Act, would now be to arrange that the Insurance Committees and the Medical Committees should be free to negotiate with each other. A discussion on this topic might show that the doctors' demands and a correct rule for dealing with public money are not incompatible.

THE DELHI OUTRAGE.

THE bold attempt on Lord Hardinge's life is not entirely a bolt from the blue. The hand and the voice of sedition were stayed for a time by the remarkable manifestations of loyalty throughout India produced by the King's visit a year ago; but lately there have been indications of fresh activity in the criminal organisations in Bengal and elsewhere. Nevertheless, such an outrage as this seems to have taken the authorities by surprise. The stricken Viceroy and Lady Hardinge showed the qualities which we might expect. They will command the respectful sympathy and admiration of the whole nation. The characteristic calmness and order with which the whole ceremonial was carried out while the Viceroy's fate was still uncertain must be a matter of just pride to all Englishmen. We may hope that the incident will also stir the sympathy of the English people towards the whole body of their fellow-countrymen in India, who calmly and courageously carry on their duties under such disturbing conditions. Every one of them is daily exposed to such a catastrophe as has befallen the Head of the Administration. They do not ask for praise: they want freedom to protect themselves and the Administration which they uphold.

There was nothing personal to Lord Hardinge in the act. If that were the motive, many a better opportunity could have been found by the assassin to ensure the success of his crime. The occasion chosen for the deed supplies its chief significance. The State entry into the old capital of the Moghul rulers, now the new capital of the British King-Emperor, was an assertion to the world of his position as Paramount Sovereign of all India. If the bomb of the assassin was a protest against that claim—and no higher motive could be assigned for the act—it only demonstrates the miserable and isolated character of the ignoble faction who devised it. The loud and genuine burst of feeling from the princes and notable leaders of all classes in the Assembly shows the true feeling of the country at large.

At this time there is little to show the class of the particular men who contrived and perpetrated the outrage. Everything, however, points to the work of a political organisation. A fanatic working alone could not either have procured a bomb or effected his escape undetected. In this direction lies the most hopeful prospect for the discovery of the conspirators. Organisations capable of contriving such a plot cannot be numerous in India, and they as well as the bomb factories should be known to the authorities. The circumstances point to an origin of other than local character. The bomb is the chosen weapon of the Bengali and Maratta anarchist. Crime of this nature has not hitherto originated among the people of Northern India. The chief Association in the Punjab which has been connected with treason or disaffection has not hitherto pursued its ends by the means employed

at Delhi last Monday. A virile race uses other weapons and other means. Discovery will be more easy if the crime has been arranged by strangers to Delhi and their agents.

We may take what consolation we can from the fact that this is an isolated outrage proceeding from a small group of anarchists working by foreign methods, as abhorrent from the Indians generally as they are from ourselves. There is no cause for panic or hasty action, but there is, and long has been, pressing reason to review the whole position. The methods hitherto adopted to meet organised and criminal sedition require to be reorganised on a different basis. A man of determination and experience—say Lord Kitchener—with full freedom of action would soon retrieve the situation. It is mere folly to ignore the continued activity of murderous conspiracies, which have hitherto been treated too exclusively by a misplaced trust in judicial processes. Time and again it has been urged that these organised crimes cannot be effectively repressed or even punished by trials in court extending over months and years. Such an idea is wholly exotic. The delays and technicalities of at least one High Court and its attitude towards the police and executive officers have latterly become a public scandal. The recrudescence of anarchism, of which this is the latest and worst demonstration, must be met by stern measures against these criminal conspiracies and those who encourage them by wild words. Executive officers, and particularly the police, require more unflinching support and protection than they have lately received. Judicial powers and proceedings should resume their proper place in the administrative machinery.

JUSTICE FOR THE I.A.O.S.

WHAT means the delay as to the grant recommended by the Development Commission to be given to the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society? About three years ago the I.A.O.S. made an application for financial assistance to the Development Commissioners, and this application was in the ordinary course of things first sent to the Department of Agriculture in Ireland as chief of which Mr. T. W. Russell, the nominee of the Irish party, had lately replaced Sir Horace Plunkett. Mr. T. W. Russell, not unexpectedly, issued an unfavourable report, relying largely on the view that the I.A.O.S. had shown a political bias and instancing particularly the episode of the Rolleston letter. Subject to the Irish Department of Agriculture, the County Councils and the Congested Districts Boards being given a representation on the I.A.O.S. Council, the Commissioners had recommended that Sir Horace Plunkett's Society should have its grant. To this Mr. Russell proposed an alternative scheme of "non-controversial" co-operation; but only after the Department, acting under the inspiration of Mr. T. W. Russell, had submitted the Commission's proposals to an advisory body known as the Agricultural Council, which is elected by the County Councils and other popular bodies. The United Irish League got to work, and its efforts were rewarded by the Agricultural Council passing the adverse vote required by the Parliamentarians. Mr. Russell thereupon declined the Commission's offer of representation on the I.A.O.S., and the matter was dropped. Obviously the other bodies would follow Mr. Russell.

It looked like a complete victory for the Dillonites. But the Development Commissioners, who had obviously kept their eyes open whilst in Ireland, do not seem to have been impressed by these demonstrations of popular opinion; on the contrary, they persisted in recommending the Treasury to make the grant, subject to an arrangement whereby three of their own members should, temporarily, act on the Council of the I.A.O.S. The conditions are that a sum of £2000 shall be granted to the I.A.O.S. in addition to an annual subsidy equal to the amount which may be voluntarily subscribed up to £4000. It is hoped of course that the hostility

of the politicians to Sir Horace Plunkett's work may finally die down, and then the three Development Commissioners will be replaced by Irish nominees.

The situation leaves the impression that the Government may make amends to Sir Horace Plunkett, and we find the "Daily Chronicle" opening its columns to the editor of the "Irish Homestead", and backing Æ's opinions against those of Mr. John Cullinan M.P. It is hard on the Nationalist party, which has been on its best behaviour for the past year or so. Personal feelings are very strongly engaged. The Irishmen were able very cleverly to affect equanimity over the Ulster business; but for some obscure reason—Englishmen need not try to fathom it—Sir Horace Plunkett, and not Sir Edward Carson, acts on them as a red rag is said, we daresay quite unjustly, to act on the bull. We may be sure, however, that, if Sir Horace were in fact what he is accused of being, a party politician, he would have received much fairer treatment at the hands of the Parliamentarians. All that is outside the domain of party seems to baffle the intelligence of the Parliamentarians, to obscure their sense of proportion and to benumb their feelings of justice.

Consider the pitiable arguments which they advance against the present claim of the I.A.O.S. An Irish M.P. in the "Daily Chronicle" states that the overwhelming majority of Irish agriculturalists do not want co-operation. Mr. William Field is reduced to pointing out in an Irish journal that M.P.s being middlemen, middlemen are, consequently, necessary to society. The M.P. in the "Chronicle" meant no doubt not that the Irish people objected to agricultural co-operation, but that they objected to Sir Horace Plunkett's conduct of the movement. What Mr. Field meant we know not. Sir Horace Plunkett's efforts are said to be directed, first, against the prestige of the Irish Parliamentary party in Irish life and, secondly, against the power of the middlemen and traders of the Irish county towns. Mr. John Dillon still seems to believe that the growth of Irish prosperity will weaken the demand for Home Rule, and he may be right; but the majority of the Parliamentarians, faced by a keener Nationalist criticism than of yore, no longer think this thought in public. Admissions of this kind are calculated to destroy the whole philosophy of Irish Nationalism, and it is now agreed in Ireland that Unionists and Nationalists should work together where they can, eschewing politics, there being no such things as Catholic butter or Protestant milk. It is the detail and not the theory of Sir Horace Plunkett's policy that is now under consideration. The economic work of the I.A.O.S. has inconvenienced the traders and middlemen who are great supporters of Mr. Redmond and the Parliamentary party. We must not forget the episode of the Rolleston letter. Mr. Rolleston, who may be described as a "literary Nationalist", wrote to a friend in America predicting the downfall of the Irish party, and this gave Mr. Redmond the opportunity of bidding a further farewell to his past with due dignity and a becoming display of righteous anger. (Mr. Redmond, by his previous association with Sir Horace Plunkett on the recess committee, had indicated his belief in the good faith of the economic reformers.) In fact, Mr. Rolleston had no authority to speak for the Society, being neither an official nor a member thereof. This has been made clear a thousand times, in and out of Parliament. We are still told, however, that Mr. Rolleston's Machiavellian scheme of setting farmers and townsfolk in antagonism for the political purpose of splitting the Irish party and organisation represents the aims of the I.A.O.S. There is no shadow of evidence for the statement. What is the use of again entering into the controversy when we have the views of the Irish farmers themselves? Some months ago the I.A.O.S., in protest against Mr. T. W. Russell's accusation, sent round a circular to all the co-operative societies inquiring "openly and publicly" whether any agent from Dublin or elsewhere had ever sought to pervert their members from any political allegiance. The replies have been published, and are in every case in the negative. On

the contrary, the I.A.O.S. had "induced men of all religions and politics to work together". Certainly Sir Horace Plunkett stood for Galway as a Unionist, but is Sir Horace Plunkett the only man in Ireland who is not permitted to have political opinions of his own?

It will be admitted that the Irish county town, as we know it, has no place in the vision of the new rural civilisation that is seen from the headquarters of the I.A.O.S. in Dublin. Mr. George Russell in his brochure "Co-operation and Nationality" did not hesitate to press home the conclusions of the reformers. The Irish country town must abandon its parasitic existence or perish. If then the Irish party has chosen to stand by the Irish county town, so much the worse for the Irish party. It is not the fault of the I.A.O.S. Some evil genius of the Nationalist party led the M.P.s astray. The conflict between the farmers and traders is bound to arise, and the Irish party will then regret that it took, for reasons of temporary expediency, the side of a minority which "must suffer". Mr. John Cullinan says No; the gombeen men are the brothers and uncles of the farmers; but that relatives never quarrel among themselves is a pathetic fallacy.

The Development Commissioners sent their recommendation to the Treasury; and the decision as regards its ratification now rests with the Government. The question has unhappily passed into the sphere of politics. One may recognise at once the grave difficulty in which the Government are placed. The Development Commission is a creation of the Liberals and dates from the Budget of 1909; the funds which Parliament placed at its disposal were intended to be applied to certain purposes, among which the practice and teaching of agricultural co-operation are specifically mentioned. On the other hand, the Government must hold that the opinion of the Irish party represents the opinion of the Irish people. They cannot possibly agree with us that the agitation against the grant in Ireland is largely the manufacture of a caucus. And there are no indications that they will at the eleventh hour persuade Mr. Redmond and his followers to change their attitude towards the Society. Certainly there are some members of Mr. Redmond's party who do not share the prejudices of the majority, but regret the errors of the past and perceive that their consequences will be fatal to the popularity of the political movement. But at the moment even this minority could scarcely recommend a surrender. If the Government ratifies the grant, the Irish party will be obliged to make a nasty protest if only to save its face with the traders who for the time being control the Irish machine. Not that the Nationalists are much to be pitied. The Government might point out—to salve the wounds of the Irish members—that if indeed the I.A.O.S. has committed indiscretions, it has already been sufficiently punished. The last report of the I.A.O.S. lies before us; it is a record of extraordinary activity. The recommendation of the Development Commissioners is based upon like reports, figures and statistics of progress.

THE CITY.

VERY little real business has been done on the Stock Exchange this week. The formality of the settlement had to be gone through, and for the rest raffles, practical jokes and collections for various charities occupied the greater part of the time. The knowledge that high rates would be charged for carrying-over was sufficient to discourage speculation, and another more important factor was the fear that the peace negotiations will not be concluded without a hitch. The financial situation on the Continent is just sufficiently strained for the bourses to be considerably disturbed if it were suggested that a renewal of hostilities was probable.

The rush of new issues has been impeded partly by the holidays and partly by the fact that some underwriters have already a good deal of undigested stock to carry. It is fortunate, however, that the markets

are getting through December on a 5 per cent. Bank rate. After the turn of the year the monetary tension will be relaxed, and with more settled conditions for European politics the placing of new securities should become less difficult. It is practically certain that relatively high money rates will rule for some time, and in any event new issues of stock will have to be on very favourable terms to insure success.

At a time when Home Railway stockholders should be estimating the forthcoming dividends they are more concerned about the signs of labour unrest in the north. It is evident that the North-Eastern men are discontented, and although that is a local matter the effects of a strike on one line are far-reaching and the influence on quotations is general. It has remained for the most speculative counters in the list—the Kentish deferred stocks—to give the market an air of seasonable festivity. The buying in those instances, as in other departments of the "House", was mainly on behalf of bears and option dealers.

Canadian Pacific derived especial benefit from the more hopeful views of the political situation. The stock is, in fact, a trustworthy barometer of speculative sentiment nowadays, owing to its wide distribution throughout the leading markets of the world. The decision of the directors of the company in future only to sell land direct to bona-fide settlers instead of allowing it to pass through the hands of professional land speculators is good for the country and the company. The terms under which settlers may now acquire land in Canada are most favourable, and will tend to curb speculation in real estate. The Grand Trunk directors are reaping the consequences of their invasion of the United States. They have been indicted, together with the board of the Newhaven line, for entering into a "conspiracy in restraint of trade"; but no doubt they were fully prepared for legal action of this kind.

The American market is having a temporary respite from some of its depressing influences. The Supreme Court and the Money Trust investigators have adjourned until January. Dear money; however, still prevails, although it is cheaper than it was, and Wall Street is idle.

San Paulos are still being bought in the expectation of a guarantee of at least 15 per cent. on the ordinary stock from the Farquhar-Brazil Railway interests. Mexico North-Western bonds have been checked in their downward course by supporting orders to the accompaniment of more confident reports concerning the finances of the company. If new capital is required, it is said, it will be raised by the issue of junior bonds.

Mining shares are almost featureless. Rubber shares are still being bought quietly by investors who recognise that the price of rubber will remain firm for many months to come. Oils keep steady, and may improve when markets begin to wake up in the spring, and among land shares Hudson's Bay have been in demand in expectation of good land sale figures.

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AGAIN.

By JOHN PALMER.

I HAVE made a horrible discovery. It has to do with one of those curious weekly papers for the genteel (ugh!) which throw so unmerciful a light upon the Victorian ideal of a woman's mind. It is a habit of this detestable paper to insert amid gossip—mainly incorrect—concerning the private habits of the social figures of our time a page for children. I have no precise information as to how this page for children is put together. The impression it gives me is that the editor has discovered upon the premises a secretary or clerk who, like Lippo Lippi in the antiphony, scribbles pictures in the margin of his ledger; that the said clerk, in the intervals of his accounts, has been put to the ignobler use of making pen-and-ink sketches for the children's page; and that the particular sub-editor upon the staff who can spare time from the more

important work of interviewing butlers and ladies'-maids is commandeered to write stories for children about the pictures supplied to him by the clerk. I take it that sometimes the clerk and the sub-editor are too busy to attend to the children's page. On these occasions contributions are accepted from outside. We now arrive at my horrible discovery. I have it upon excellent authority that these contributions for children are paid for on a scale of half the normal rate.

The domestic policy of this noisome periodical is of no particular importance; but, if you will reflect for a moment upon the outer darkness of mind which it reveals, you will begin to understand that the publication of children's books is a delusion, and that the production of children's plays is a snare. The attitude is all wrong. If we are really to appeal to the minds of children we must brace ourselves thereto with the solemn reflexion that we are gross, unimaginative, earthy, stiff, sober, and incorrigibly grown-up people. We must remember that the children whom we are trying to amuse are almost certainly our superiors in imagination, and very probably our superiors in intelligence. We must take home the fact to our several hearts and heads that children see with their eyes and hear with their ears—two necessary preliminaries to a correct reasoning about life of which we have long lost the secret. We must not overlook the fact that children form their own judgments about people and things—a habit we have long since put aside as so much extra and unnecessary labour in an age of severe economic pressure. In a word, if we would write a story for children, or otherwise aim at the amusement of young people, we must prepare ourselves for the task with humility and deference. Things that amuse our silly old heads, the jokes that tickle our silly old brains—these will not do. We must be as delicate as Ariel, as mischievous as Puck, as solemn as Milton, as vivid as Bunyan, as dramatic as Shakespeare, as inexhaustible as Rabelais, as ferocious as Swift, as amiable as Addison, as pithy as Pope, as merry as Boccaccio, as sad as Pascal, as authoritative as Dr. Johnson. Does anyone care to maintain that the modern fairy-story is all this, or, what is more practicable, that it even aims at being all this? Alas! just as the modern pantomime, whose insincerity I was trying to expose in the Review precisely a year ago to-day, is, so far as children are concerned, a glistening fraud; so is the modern fairy-story a marketable disgrace. The common attitude is perfectly typified by a scale of payment at one-half the normal rate. Adult persons who convey unspeakable fairy-books to their children, and expect them to enjoy a modern musical comedy with the normal ugliness and futility of these spectacles magnified by a hundred are encouraged in their delusion by a simple train of reasoning. They assume that for grown-up persons to arrive at the mind of a child it is only necessary for them to picture their own minds working at inferior pressure. So they eat a heavy meal, and take their children to the pantomime.

Only a very exceptional person could write a perfect children's story, for stage or book; but the worst blunders are easily avoided. I have before touched upon the main necessities of a children's play; and it is not my purpose here to repeat my convictions. Nor, though the idea is tempting, will I emphasise, with opinions diligently collected from my very young friends, the children's contempt for an average Christmas entertainment. Merely it is the object of this article to advise such parents as genuinely desire to amuse their children upon any afternoon of the next few weeks to take them to "Shock-Headed Peter" at the Vaudeville in preference to any other of the bewildering number of so-called children's entertainments at present holding the boards. "Shock-Headed Peter" is not a perfect play for children. The perfect play for children has yet to be written; and, when it is written, it will be a perfect play for the few grown-up people who will be able to live for a few hours upon the high imaginative level required for its appreciation. A perfect children's play would have in it nothing that

was not strictly necessary. The story would march irresistibly to an issue. It would be delightfully complicated, but never confused. It would be full of strange, but expected, monsters, like Caliban or Mr. Pickwick. It would—

But I have yet to explain why children will like "Shock-Headed Peter" better than the sort of bedizened spectacle immemorably associated with Drury Lane. First, there is Papa's house, which looks exactly as if you could have built it yourself. Then there is the conventional landscape. A conventional landscape is one that has everything strictly necessary, including a windmill that turns in a high wind, and a sun that rises and sets with astonishing precision; but it is also a landscape that you could paint yourself upon half a sheet of notepaper. Then there is Peter—Struwelpeter of more than Teutonic fame, with his brothers Augustus and Philip, and their sister Harriet—old and familiar friends. (If they are not old and familiar friends, ask your parents why they have neglected you.) Then there is really a story about these people that does not in a way that stories have in a Christmas pantomime get perpetually held up while the funny man is amusing father and the principal boy is oddly grimacing at uncle.

Moreover, there is a pleasing sincerity at the "Vaudeville". We realise that here at any rate is an honest effort to please young people. We do not detect a trace of the usual wicked conspiracy by which children are brought into the theatre merely to countenance the frivolity of their parents. I have never seen Mr. Edmund Gwenn work harder in his life than in "Shock-Headed Peter". He is fully alive, I am sure, to the arduous and honourable nature of his task. There is none of the attitude suggested by a scale at half the normal rate. This production is honest work all through, from the adapting authors to the least little guest at Peter's unfortunate party. The children will appreciate this—sooner, perhaps, than the older and wiser. Not least will they appreciate the clean, simple language in which Mr. Philip Carr and Mr. Nigel Playfair have delivered their libretto. Floreat Struwelpeter!

MORE ABOUT ELGAR.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

NOWADAYS babies can hear Beethoven as soon as they are intelligent enough not to squall disapproval at a concert; but I believe the majority of my readers, like myself, will remember the first time they had a chance of hearing one of the mighty symphonies in the dark days of music in England—those days when any number of musical comedies could be heard during nine months of the year, but only during three months a symphony of any sort. And most readers will remember the sheer delight of the thing. Afterwards we grew familiar with Beethoven's works, and with Mozart's and Haydn's and Bach's; but the familiarity never bred contempt: the better we knew them the better we liked them, and the more we wanted to hear them. To-day, when I see a blasé critic walk out because the next item on the programme is one of the well-known masterpieces, I know he has only attended the concert as a part of his day-labour, his wage-earning day-labour: if Nature had qualified him to listen to fine music at all, to judge it and the manner of playing it, and to write about it, he could not resist the enchantment and the spell: no matter how exacting editors were about "copy" being in to time, he would have to stay and hearken. The great masters of music are Ancient Mariners all: they hold us with their glittering eye—if we are fit and proper persons. How different it is with Elgar! He is a sincere musician with lofty and noble aims; he is the last composer in the world I would wish to disparage. But his music never yields me any delight; and since I think myself a fair average sort of musician I find it hard to imagine that he finds any delight in writing that music: "from the heart it came and to the heart it will go", Beethoven

said; and music that gives no joy cannot surely have given any delight in the writing. Elgar himself attributes his achievements to what I must rather rudely call his pig-headedness; and though I should be the last man to underrate what Dickens called "patient and continuous energy", I am bound to say it would be pleasant to see fewer signs of that in Elgar's music and more plentiful signs of genuine poetic inspiration.

I resume this week the discussion of Elgar to explain my whole attitude towards him. A fine, serious musician he undoubtedly is, one whose purposes I sincerely respect: a composer whose achievements I can respect he most certainly is not. He has seldom given me a moment of artistic pleasure: save one of his "Enigma" variations and a bar or two of his symphony and of his violin concerto, there is nothing in his music that one wants to hear a second time. The concerto is zigzagism gone clean mad. More definitely even than in the case of the symphony the composer declares the indefiniteness of his programme. The symphony conveys, he says, his "outlook on life"; as for the concerto, "herein is enshrined the soul of . . ." It is a good thing the name of the lady or gentleman whose soul is enshrined is not divulged. I am sorry for that poor soul: it must be a painful business to be compelled to dwell in a house which contains no room, but only a series of corridors lying at acute angles one to another. The first theme is no theme at all: its jerkiness simply distresses the ear: there is no possibility of evolving anything beautiful from it, and nothing beautiful is evolved from it. The second subject begins beautifully, but it comes to a standstill in the second bar; it goes lame at once. Continued in an arithmetical, mechanical fashion, all the emotion and colour of the beginning immediately die out. Miss Marie Hall played the movement superbly—as indeed she plays everything—but it was impossible for her to sustain the feeling with the composer making violent war on her. There are frequent fine passages, but Elgar everlastingly takes away with his left hand what his right hand has given. I fancy he must draft his works with the right hand and score them with the left. The second movement begins with a make-believe theme that would be a real theme if Elgar only had had the courage to continue the elusive rhythm of the opening. The theme of the finale, again, is not a real theme; the passage in double stopping is totally ineffective; the second subject is another piece of zigzag, and a third one, marked to be played majestically, is merely grotesque and meaningless. Throughout the movement Elgar indulges in his favourite trick of carrying out a sequence at such intervals that what is simply a phrase sounds for the moment like a good strong subject: a certain deceptive roughness is got by the forced accents; but when the trick has been done two or three times the ear wearies. The second subject here, for instance, consists of a figure of three notes repeated one degree of the scale lower every time; and as the piece is in four-four measure a strong accent falls at every repetition on a different note of the figure. This way of building a subject is barren in its results: the subject has been developed, practically to the fullest extent possible, in the course of its delivery: there is nothing left to be worked out. Besides, it is mechanical and inexpressive. The finale of a concerto is usually brilliant, but Elgar is not an inventor of effective passages. That this work is difficult I can well believe—effective the difficulties are not. Can it be that Elgar, like Franck, is a religious composer born too late? He seems to seek after austerity, and only succeeds in being bald; he seems always to be trying to give expression to a devotional mood through a medium not in the least adapted to such a purpose. The best parts of "Gerontius" are not austere devotional but romantic; the less he is oppressed with a serious religious purpose the better he writes. I can admire the high seriousness of the man, but I cannot admire the music of the composer. The music is choked at the source; there is no adequate channel for the feeling he wishes to express: the whole Viennese technique and

style of music were developed to express quite other feelings. Since the "Enigma" variations every work has been balder and duller than its predecessor; and I am driven to the conclusion that this is because he has more and more concentrated himself on the task of putting his religion into his music. If Elgar could borrow Mr. Wells' time-machine and go back three or four centuries, he might even yet become a composer whose music would afford delight.

There is not much to be said at this time of day about a Beethoven concert; but a very excellent one given last week by Mr. Landon Ronald and the New Symphony Orchestra deserves to be recorded. The programme included the Fifth symphony, the piano concerto in G, and the "Leonora" No. 3 overture. The concerto was beautifully played by Miss Irene Scharrer; and the other items were played in a straightforward, manly and musicianly fashion with no affectations. That is something to be grateful for nowadays, when every conductor appears to be mad after "new readings" and sticks at no eccentricity or absurdity. It is satisfactory to learn that the reduced prices introduced last season have worked out well enough to justify the directors in continuing them.

Madame Carreño gave her "last recital for some considerable time" the other day. To criticise her is as difficult as writing about a Beethoven concert. She is certainly the finest woman pianist living, and stands high amongst the men. It is to be hoped her absence will not be for long. Bach, Beethoven and Chopin were all alike magnificently interpreted; and the fire and delicacy that made her playing a joy in bygone days were there in plenty. Her recital was as enjoyable in its way as one by Bauer or Lamond.

ENGLISH MEDIAEVAL SCULPTURE.

By W. R. LETHABY.

IF the academic sculptor were asked which were the most admirable statues in London other than those collected in museums, what would he answer? Probably it would not occur to him to reply, as the instructed verdict of Europe, could it be obtained, would certainly decide, the three noble bronzes by Torrigiano in Westminster Abbey. There is hardly in Italy so superb a work of the high Renaissance as the tomb of Henry VII. and his Queen, with their two recumbent figures in gilt bronze. Torrigiano stood outside the sphere of Michael Angelo's eclipsing power, and his work still continued the sweeter influences of the school of Donatello.

These sculptures, however, are Italian, although they were wrought in England. Omitting these, then, what should our sculptor reply? He might perhaps fairly say the groups on the Wellington Monument in S. Paul's. But it may be questioned whether he ought not rather to nominate the bronze figure of Queen Eleanor, cast in the year 1291, the "weepers" of the tomb of Aymer de Valence, carved about 1323, both at Westminster, and the wonderful bishop (about 1260) who is hidden away behind the seats at the east end of the Temple Church. These are all works of the high flood of our national art, the matured result of immense practice at a time when art was a matter of delighted concern to the directing classes in the country.

Twenty years ago, whatever an enthusiast for things mediæval might have thought, it would have seemed absurd to claim any great place for Gothic images as sculpture. The properly grounded modeller of busts and academy pieces then knew better, and he smiled the mediævalist down. Now, however, Gothic sculpture has been discovered and sanctioned by no less an expert than Rodin, and it is known that Alfred Stevens drew the first ideas for his grand designs of Truth and Valour at S. Paul's from the work of a thirteenth-century Salisbury carver. The French master says: "In commencing to study the Gothic it matters little where the starting-point is; the chief thing is to humble oneself, to be content not to master all at once, and to

be patient through years and years. The study grows easy enough in time. At first, of course, the comprehension is embryonic, but you visit one and another edifice, you divine a part of their value, and with each new experience the comprehension increases. To say what has been my own progress in the study and comprehension of the Gothic would be in detail impossible for me. The study has unquestionably influenced my sculpture, giving me more flexibility, more depth, more life. The influence has entered into my blood and has grown into my being."

The history of our national sculpture begins with the wonderful Anglian crosses of Bewcastle and Ruthwell, which were set up about the year 670 and have no peers in Europe. A cast of the Ruthwell cross may be studied at South Kensington. After a time of decline, the great Gothic period opened at the end of the twelfth century and attained its highest power about a hundred years later, to be blighted by the terrible scourge of the Black Death. Our native artists, however, were still able to deal with large problems in an adequate traditional way up to the beginning of the sixteenth century, as is shown by the fine array of figures in the interior of Henry VII.'s chapel. Here the indigenous school was confronted with the Renaissance art of Torrigiano before its own work was completed, and native intuition soon withered in face of the new scholasticism.

In the best time English sculpture was not mainly concerned with tombs, large and beneficent as was the constant practice in skilful stone-cutting given by the steady demand for tomb sculpture. Messrs. Prior and Gardner* estimate that there must be some two thousand sepulchral figures still existing. The highest efforts of the sculptors were directed to the realisation of vast sculptured dramas which were staged, tier over tier, on cathedral fronts.

The façade of the church at Wells, which must always, as now, have been one of the loveliest, was the earliest where this ideal was put into stone. Here, about the middle of the thirteenth century, were set up, rank upon rank, scores of figures greater in scale than life, being the assembly of the saints at the Last Judgment and the Coronation of the Virgin. High in the gable Christ was enthroned above the nine orders of angels, while below the great congregation of martyrs, confessors, and virgins witnessed the consummation of the work of the Church. All these figures, by a similar instinct to that which guided the Greeks at the Parthenon, were brightened and reinforced by parcel gilding and painting. The astonishing beauty of this completed front lies beyond our power to imagine.

The thought of coloured sculpture seems to shock many people, but it is a fact that from earliest days until the Renaissance sculpture was usually finished by painting and gilding. An example of gaily coloured mediæval sculpture may be seen in the wonderfully carved but badly broken effigy of a knight, lately set out for exhibition in the Victoria and Albert Museum. This is of stone, and its date must be about 1330. It is most curious how the type and pitch of colour are like the hues seen on Tanagra figurines. The west front at Salisbury followed the lead of Wells, and of the host of sculptures which once filled its niches only about half a dozen now exist, and these are overwhelmed by a mob of sham Gothic pretenders. At Lincoln a splendid south porch and the neighbouring buttresses were peopled with statues according to a similar scheme about the year 1280. Some of these figures, especially two which symbolise the church and the synagogue, are of unbelievable beauty. In this kind of art, and for those who like the sort of thing, they are perfect.

The façade of Lichfield, finished about 1330, was the last of the great series of sculptured west fronts which belonged to the high day of Gothic art. Here, however, not a single authentic figure remains in place.

In their important work* Messrs. Prior and Gardner

* "An Account of Mediæval Figure-Sculpture in England." With 855 Photographs. By Edward S. Prior and Arthur Gardner. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1912. 63s. net.

have surveyed the whole field of English mediæval sculpture, and have plotted out its subdivisions. Their volume is illustrated very fully, and they make valuable suggestions for the sorting of the monuments into the different schools from which, it may be supposed, they were derived. In this piece of hard work they have done quite a national service by collecting and setting out in an orderly way an immense body of material. The time will doubtless come when most of the evidences of our ancient arts will be contained in books. As we approach that day this bountifully illustrated record will necessarily have increasing value.

We may hope that in time the special qualities of mediæval sculpture will, so far as is desirable, be absorbed into modern thought and practice, as Rodin has endeavoured to absorb it. If this might indeed be so, our sculpture would thereafter be both more real and more romantic than what we are now accustomed to see or even hope for. However this may be, such a volume as this must help toward the historical understanding of our national treasures, and concurrently toward a reverent conservation of them. For these old images scattered over the land, often resting in small village churches, belong to a school of art hardly inferior to the Greek in felicity and power.

HELL AND LONDON.

BY LORD DUNSANY.

THE REWARD.

ONE'S spirit goes further in dreams than it does by day. Wandering once by night from a factory city I came to the edge of Hell.

The place was foul with cinders and cast-off things, and jagged, half-buried things with shapeless edges, and there was a huge angel with a hammer building with plaster and steel. I wondered what he did in that dreadful place. I hesitated, then asked him what he was building. "We are adding to Hell", he said, "to keep pace with the times." "Don't be too hard on them", I said, for I had just come out of a compromising age and a weakening country. The angel did not answer. "It won't be as bad as the old hell, will it?" I said. "Worse", said the angel.

"How can you reconcile it with your conscience as a Minister of Grace", I said, "to inflict such a punishment?" (They talked like this in the city whence I had come, and I could not avoid the habit of it.)

"They have invented a new cheap yeast", said the angel.

I looked at the legend on the walls of the hell that the angel was building; the words were written in flame; every fifteen seconds they changed their colour: "Yeast, the great new yeast; it builds up body and brain, and something more".

"They shall look at it for ever", the angel said.

"But they drove a perfectly legitimate trade", I said; "the law allowed it."

The angel went on hammering into place the huge steel uprights.

"You are very revengeful", I said. "Do you never rest from doing this terrible work?"

"I rested one Christmas Day", the angel said, "and looked and saw little children dying of cancer. I shall go on now until the fires are lit."

"It is very hard to prove", I said, "that the yeast is as bad as you think."

"After all", I said, "they must live."

And the angel made no answer, but went on building his hell.

THE ESCAPE.

It was underground. In that dark cavern down below Belgrave Square the walls were dripping. But what was that to the magician? It was secrecy that he needed, not dryness. There he pondered upon the trend of events, shaped destinies and concocted magical brews.

For the past few years the serenity of his ponderings had been disturbed by the noise of the motor 'bus, while

to his keen ears there came the earthquake-rumble, far off, of the train in the tube, going down Sloane Street; and what he heard of the world above his head was not to its credit.

He decided one evening over his evil pipe down there in his dank, dark chamber that London had lived long enough, had abused its opportunities, had gone too far, in fine, with its civilisation, and so he decided to wreck it.

Therefore he beckoned up his acolyte from the weedy end of the cavern, and "Bring me", he said, "the heart of the toad that dwelleth in Arabia and by the mountains of Bettany". The acolyte slipped away by the hidden door, leaving that grim old man with his frightful pipe, and whither he went who knows but the gipsy people or by what paths he returned? But within a year he stood in the cavern again, slipping secretly in by the trap while the old man smoked, and he brought with him a little fleshy thing that rotted in a casket of pure gold.

"What is it?" the old man croaked.

"It is", said the acolyte, "the heart of the toad that dwelt once in Arabia and by the mountains of Bettany."

The old man's crooked fingers closed on it, and he blessed the acolyte with his rasping voice and claw-like hand uplifted; the motor 'bus rumbled above on its endless journey, far off the train shook Sloane Street.

"Come", said the magician, "it is time." And then and there they left the weedy cavern, the acolyte carrying cauldron, gold poker, and all things needful, and went abroad in the light. And very wonderful the old man looked in his silks.

Their goal was the outskirts of London; the old man strode in front and the acolyte ran behind him; and there was something magical in the old man's stride alone, without his wonderful dress, the cauldron and wand, the hurrying acolyte and the small gold poker.

Little boys sometimes jeered till they caught the old man's eye. So there went on through London this strange procession of two, too swift for any to follow. Things seemed worse up there than they did in the cavern, and the further they got on their way towards London's outskirts the worse London got. "It is time", said the old man, "surely."

And so they came at last to London's edge and a small hill watching it with a mournful look. It was so mean a sight that the acolyte longed for the cavern, dank though it was and full of terrible sayings that the old man said when he slept.

They climbed the hill and put the cauldron down, and put therein the necessary things, and lit a fire of herbs that no chemist will sell nor decent gardener grow, and stirred the cauldron with the golden poker. The magician retired a little apart and muttered, then he strode back to the cauldron and, all being ready, suddenly opened the casket and let the fleshy thing fall in to boil.

Then he made spells, then he flung up his arms, the fumes from the cauldron entering in at his mind he said raging things that he had not known before and runes that were dreadful (the acolyte screamed), there he cursed London from fog to loam-pit, from zenith to the abyss, motor 'bus, factory, shop, parliament, people. Let them all perish, he said, and London pass away, tram-lines and bricks and pavement, the usurpers too long of the fields; let them all pass away and the wild hares come back, blackberry and briar-rose. Let it pass, he said, pass now, pass utterly.

In the momentary silence the old man coughed, then waited with eager eyes; and the long, long hum of London hummed as it always has since first the reed-huts were set up by the river, changing its note at times, but always humming, louder now than it was in years gone by, but humming night and day though its voice be cracked with age; so it hummed on.

And the old man turned him round to his trembling acolyte and terribly said as he sank into the earth, "YOU HAVE NOT BROUGHT ME THE HEART OF THE TOAD THAT DWELLETH IN ARABIA, NOR BY THE MOUNTAINS OF BETTANY!"

FROM THE JAPANESE.

TRUTH.

MANY ways we trace
Struggling up through fern and tree
From the mountain's base;
One the peak from which we see
The moon's unclouded purity.

"HANA NO IRO WA."

(The colour of the flower.)

By ONO NO KOMACHI, 834-880 A.D.

(Two Versions.)

Roses red must fade;
Flowers of love must pass away,
Perishing in shade—
Twain, we loved in sunny May:
Lone I dread the rains to-day.

* * *

Love and lightsome days,
Beauty's bloom and bloom o' the flower!
Thus I pass and gaze.
While I linger falls the shower,
Falls the bloom, and fades the hour.

F. A. BATHER.

TRENTHAM.

THE MEMORY OF A WINTER'S NIGHT.

By BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.

WITH the announcement of the dismantling of an historic house, the sale of its treasures, old memories grouped about it revive, recalling youth so vividly with its subtle all-pervading atmosphere, that it is difficult to determine how much of the enchantment of the past is due to its magic. From out that past, struggling through surrounding shadows, flash vivid, brilliant pictures that have been emmeshed in the mysterious inexplicable fashion that remains memory's secret.

Pacing the echoing halls, on whose walls are thrown those pictures, we realise that however little they may have meant in the hour of their production, yet they were woven of the web and woof of life at the moment when we were framing our destinies, and by some enchantment they now remain illuminating the Halls of Memory, though the building they foretold is crumbling in ruins at our feet. Out of such chaos rises the future tentative and alluring, both hands outstretched, offering what she never had to give, always beckoning on to transcendent unexplained happiness.

It is in some such atmosphere Trentham appears. Thus haloed stands out distinctly one unforgettable, cold, silent mid-winter night, the dim light from whose frosty stars hinted vaguely at the mystery veiled in the darkness of the great holly hedge that bordered on either side the road between home and church and deepened into deeper darkness the shadows clinging about the Mausoleum where slept so many of the great house; the white grandeur of the ducal palace with its stately gardens and terraces, the glitter of frozen drops on massive motionless hedges, branches of yew stolidly bowing under their burden of snow, the deserted frozen road running through the village that sheltered the decorous invisible inhabitants, and finally the church, whose soft shadows melted into a gloom that swallowed all distinctions in one dark veil. Out of those soft shadows gleamed rare lights from the candles in their sconces, flaming above empty pews and across the lectern, on which the shadows, thrown hither and thither by the insidious draught, gave strange lifelike gleams to the brass wings of the eagle supporting the Book.

Holly garlands round the white pillars and narrow windows symbolised the season; the darkened building was full of the acrid scent of winter evergreens, yew,

holly and laurel, according to immemorial custom, and hanging from the dark gallery where the ducal household worshipped were drooping glossy wreaths roped above where a faint, occasional movement betrayed some unseen occupant—silent and mysterious like everything else.

Except for these slight breaks, unbroken silence, while overhead the unheeded bell rang on, until at last the old man, abandoning hope of attracting more worshippers, returned to wait expectantly by the vestry door while the old woman who shared with him his duties settled herself in a corner of one of the empty pews, and all was again still. The few glaring candles burnt low or leapt up, casting here and there brilliant gleams, now a flare of light across the lectern brass, then a momentary splendour on the dull crimson, the tarnished silver and gold of the cloth that hung from the pulpit. It swayed a little in the draught that had set the candles flaring, and the faded grandeur of the Mameluke's saddle-cloth for a moment revived its past glories. Faded and tarnished, it hung there strangely out of keeping with its surroundings, richly suggestive of desert sands and waterless spaces haunted by strange unnamed fears. What had it not known as hither and thither it had passed under Eastern skies! What tragedies of slaughter, terror, battle and lust its dull crimson still held, born of the glow of quenched Eastern fires.

The story ran that the proud trappings had formed a royal gift from a Moorish emperor to an English king, from the English king to his Master of Horse, who had offered its glories as an altar-cloth. This the representative of the church declined, but allowed that round the pulpit even a Mameluke's saddle-cloth would be innocuous, so sound the doctrine preached above it! So there it hung, and there that night in the gloom and mystery of darkness were symbolised the two religions. On one side the brilliant assertive crimson, that had shared the conquering warrior's views of reformation, had heard those commands—the "Thou shalt nots", which were to prove comparatively so easy to obey—or evade. And as the reward of such obedience and courage, the pleasures of sense and the servitude of woman. On the other the Book of the "Thou shalt". Far sterner the command, far harder to obey, so much less tangible the reward. Only the consciousness of the well-fought field and the far-off belief of escape from the chains and dominion of evil—and the freedom of woman.

As great a space as between the dust-storms of the East and the glory of the Martial Prophet and this English winter night, with its spiritual battles of the Prince of Peace, whose herald was now announcing His advent in the solitary darkness of the old church. And between the crossing faiths of East and West went forth those confident vague dreams of youth, as unaffected by either as by the memorials to the dead which leapt up now and again into evidence out of engulfing shadows. Confident and hopeful they soared triumphantly, heedless of the swift rush of the wings of Time.

Dreams bright and impossible invaded the vacant spaces, filled the dark corners with light, dreams undefined in outline but brilliant and reassuring nevertheless. Dreams that youth at any moment and in any circumstances can command.

For such visions the opening of no heavenly gates are needed, only a glance through those heavy iron ones beyond which lies hidden the future. Then of a sudden they were dissipated, the straying thoughts brought back at the breaking of the silence, the sound of the words rushing forth into the darkness, dividing it as with a two-edged sword, as they went cleaving their way from above the brass-winged eagle, past the Eastern cloth, giving utterance to those strong threats that no nation, no generation has failed to stand in need of. Through the empty spaces they thundered, as if the prophet who had first uttered them had been invoked to render them in their primitive force and strength.

Under the flickering light from the solitary candle stood the white-haired priest hurling his message into the silence and gloom, the prophetic message of the herald, the shadows falling the while on the fine head, dramatic as that voice lit with a live coal from the fire on the altar. It is to the tragic of soul the adventures of the soul are granted, the drama is revealed, and without those illuminations life vainly seeks interpretation.

"Because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls and their round tires like the moon."

"The chains and the bracelets and the mufflers. The changeable suits of apparel and the mantles and the wimples and the crisping pins, the glasses and the fine linen and the hoods and the veils."

The passionate lament over folly and frailty raced through the shadows, tearing this way and that, seeking out in its scorn beauty in the market demanding legitimate and illegitimate prices, mocking at its power, threatening its downfall, the certain desolation mounting on darker direr threats, the prophet in his denunciations seeing beyond his own words to the consummation they foretold.

The loss of jewels,—*"Instead of a girdle, a rent"*. The loss of rich raiment,—*"Instead of a stomacher, a girding of sackcloth"*. All destined to an appointed end. And when everything on which you set a value has been taken and there only remains the beauty for which you sold your souls, then wait and feel the last fierce stroke. *"Instead of well-set hair, baldness—burning instead of beauty."*

A pause, as if the herald stood astonished before the terrible message he had so grandly given, then the faint stir of the listeners recovering their grip on life, soft movements—the extinction of flaring candles—and back once again into the keen silent night, the radiant starlight, with youth's dreams dispersed and the winter night for ever gathered into a haunting memory.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOOD TAX QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—Surely the Press and the politicians have gone astray in their interpretation of Mr. Bonar Law's Ashton speech and in their forecast of the order of business the next Unionist Government will adopt. Your article of 21 December puts the case plainly and should be taken to heart by the self-appointed counsellors of the party and those who would have us accept their interpretation of Mr. Bonar Law's pronouncement. Unless they mend their ways they will imperil our only chance of defeating Home Rule, the dismemberment of the Church, and of saving the Constitution. Our paramount duty is to shape our policy so as to gain the support of every influence which will destroy this Government, and to leave no loophole by which any prejudice can be used against any detail of our programme. The prejudice against food duties can unquestionably be made effective against us, Mr. Bonar Law has never proposed that Preference and food duties should forthwith be imposed, nor that the Dominions should be the means of taxing the British in the United Kingdom against their will. He has made it clear that the Dominions must consider whether the food duties satisfy them before these taxes are submitted to the electors in the Home Land. He should amplify his recent speech by declaring that the Preference Bill and food duties cannot be introduced until the third session after the Unionist Administration has taken office. That this must be so is patent if the situation is examined.

The first session of the new Parliament will be absorbed—to say nothing of social, naval, military and administrative reform—in framing a tariff on imported manufactures. When the Tariff Bill—i.e. Finance Bill—

has become law, then, and then only, will the Dominions be able to consider that tariff as a fact affecting their trade policy, and an Imperial Conference be held to elaborate the Preferential system—provided always that the Dominions find the system can fit in with their arrangements. These deliberations at home and in the Colonies will, at a moderate estimate, be spread over twelve months, and it follows the Home Government could not submit a considered scheme to Parliament until three years after the Unionists had assumed office. Is it too much to ask that Mr. Bonar Law should pledge the party not to make the food duties effective before the people have been consulted at the polls, when Parliament will be within, say, fifteen months of the natural termination of its existence? Is it too much to give such a pledge when it will save us from Home Rule, Disestablishment and other evils?

I believe your argument is sound—that the Unionists can keep the agricultural constituencies by their proposals to relieve agriculture from burdensome taxation and win the towns by import duties on foreign manufactures.

I am your obedient servant
A CONVINCED TARIFF REFORMER AND AN EX-M.P.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bradbourne Hall Ashbourne
24 December 1912.

SIR—I submit that it would be a grave misfortune if the Unionist party should decline to follow its leaders on the question of food taxes. I for one would rather fight on the question of preference to Canadian wheat than on Home Rule, the Welsh Church or the House of Lords; and the fact that the price of wheat is now high seems an advantage rather than otherwise. There is certainly a possibility, almost a probability, that the price will fall during the next five years. If it does, the import duty will be lost sight of, and Unionists will be able to claim, quite unfairly may be, that Preference has actually lowered the price! It is as certain as anything can be that if a Unionist Government had been able, five or six years ago, to put on a duty of 2s. per quarter, the rise in price which has occurred with no duty would by Free Traders have been attributed to the duty.

It happens, most fortunately, that both tea and tobacco are articles of almost universal working-class consumption and are heavily taxed. The reduction or removal of these taxes would go far, if not all the way, to make up to the working classes for a tax on wheat without touching the difficult question of alcohol. Tea appeals to the women, tobacco to the men, which again is useful.

So much for expediency. But the great question is the Imperial one. Only a very short-sighted person can think that the United States has made its last bid for Canadian trade. Staunch as Canada is to-day, it is mere folly to shut our eyes to the possibility of a change of feeling. A preference to Canadian wheat would do more than anything else to prevent such change, and rivet still closer the bonds between us. Then there is the great importance of stimulating Canadian wheat production. Supplies from the United States must diminish, and with our weakened position in the Mediterranean, and the uncertainty of the Dardanelles, the less we are dependent on Russian supplies the better. Finally, Canada has put us under a great obligation. Without haggling, and without pressure, she has greatly strengthened our Navy at a critical moment. Great as are the qualities of loyalty and enthusiasm which inspired such a gift: if they are to be permanent, they should receive such practical recognition as every voter in Canada can understand. Titles, and such rewards for a favoured few, won't appeal to the electorate as a preference to Canadian wheat would.

I trust therefore that the Unionist leaders will nail their colours to the mast and say that their first Budget will include a duty on foreign wheat and a relief on tea and tobacco; and that the main immediate object

is to reciprocate the sentiments of Canada and to show our appreciation of her policy.

There are other factors besides Canada in the question of Imperial Preference; but Canada dominates it.
Yours faithfully

LAURENCE W. HODSON.

THE LIE OF THE LAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scarcroft near Leeds

22 December 1912.

SIR—Mr. H. T. Morgan says that I recognise that if the new Unionist land policy is carried out the result will be a million fresh cultivators of the soil. Well, I certainly recognise that this is the ambition impressed upon the Unionist party by its more volatile section, but I also recognise that the carrying out of the scheme would mean the displacement of some hundreds of thousands of persons already occupying, or employed upon, the land.

Your correspondent points out that "allotments and small holdings have increased enormously under the present Government's tenure of office". True, but only at the cost of great injustice to many tenant farmers and others, and also at considerable expense to the taxpayer; while their economic success is still problematical. I quite understand that it may be necessary, for political reasons, to create and maintain small holdings, but I submit, in the first place, that their creation and maintenance entail a charge upon the taxpayer, and, in the second place, that any increase in production is not commensurate with the extra labour expended upon the soil. Years ago, in his pre-knight-hood days, Mr. Rider Haggard told us that we wanted "more men, not more machines". If this means anything it means that people are to be kept on the land by discouraging the use of labour-saving machinery, but of course so long as we allow the unrestricted importation of corn from America, where labour-saving is reduced to a science, such a policy is impossible.

Mr. Morgan foretells that the country doctor and tradesman will be better off when peasant-proprietorship prevails in this country. Well, we may admit that peasant-proprietorship is fairly successful in France, but then it has there the advantage of a twelve shilling duty on wheat. High tariffs and a low birth-rate are the conditions most favourable to peasant holdings, as the astute French peasant thoroughly understands.

Yours faithfully

C. F. RYDER.

THE DECAY OF DEMOCRACY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Reform Club Pall Mall S.W.

21 December 1912.

SIR—The recent reaction in favour of King Charles I. is a symptom of the disfavour into which democracy is falling. The Zeitgeist is not to be mistaken, and the uninspired idiot who wrote lately of the decline of aristocracy would have been better advised to treat of the decay of democracy. The man in the street is tired of listening to the orator who calls himself a "democrat", and thereby relieves himself of the obligation of using soap and water.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who wrote of "Triumphant Democracy", lives in Scotland and is hard on poachers. The Labour party is at the last gasp—the *mus ridiculus* is its only contribution to the backstairs of history; and the moderate Liberal, like myself, is harking back to the Whig principles of his forebears. All over the world "democracy" (I except the American use of the word) is decomposing. How long will the Chinese Republic last? How long the anarchy in Portugal? The United States is neither a republic nor a democracy. "Democracy" is doomed—a worn-out fetish.

I am Sir faithfully yours

WALTER PHELPS DODGE.

THE FATE OF THE BALKAN RACES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Junior Conservative Club
Albemarle Street W.

14 December 1912.

SIR—There seems no doubt that during the recent Balkan war cruel excesses have been committed, partly by regular soldiers and partly by armed bands, against Mohammedans, Christians and Jews, against men and women. We have had reports regarding those atrocities; and according to a telegram from Dr. Dillon still more terrible reports are to follow.

Atrocities in the Near East are by no means a new factor. The history of Macedonia is full of them. Up to now we held the Turks to be responsible for them as being, as a nation, unable to provide for good government. Now, in all likelihood, Turkish rule over Macedonia is going to cease. But can we be sure that, at the same time, those atrocities will cease also when this unfortunate part of Europe comes under Christian rule? Most of us know that during the last decade a large number of these atrocities have been committed by Christians; and the recent war amply confirms the hatred prevailing between the different races of the Near East.

Is it not, therefore, the duty of Europe, and especially of England and France, to create safeguards for the people of alien nationalities and faith—Albanians, Roumanians, Jews and Turks—who may be in future subjects of the Balkan kingdoms? There are precedents. The Treaty of Berlin provided for equal rights for the various dominations in Bulgaria, Servia and Roumania, and in the case of Roumania, for instance, the Powers had to bring strong pressure upon her Government, owing to their treatment of their Jewish subjects. But, while the Treaty of Berlin created on the whole national States with comparatively homogeneous populations, the new settlement will give to these States a much larger number of subjects, many of them alien by race and faith. Can we be sure that all will fulfil their obligations towards their new subjects?

Could a greater shame mar the good fame of European civilisation, if Christian States in the Balkans ruled no better over their subjects of different nationalities than the Turks have done? Surely it is the duty of Europe to prevent a repetition of such crimes against humanity as have been committed lately. To create efficient safeguards for those oppressed races in the Near East seems to be the first duty to which it behoves the Ambassadorial Conference to attend.

I am Sir yours obediently
GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

A CENSOR OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dunsany Castle Co. Meath
22 December 1912.

SIR—You suggest in your issue of 21 December that there should be a Censor of Advertisements. The thing is out of the question, for the advertisers have already passed all limits and there has been no protest. The English-speaking peoples will stand anything from this class of men, and they do not require a censor.

One example will be sufficient, so I will only refer to representations of the infant Saviour and the Virgin Mary used as advertisements for a food which, the proprietors urge, should be given to babies. But I could, with your permission, defile your columns with innumerable examples of blasphemous, indecent, and vulgar advertisements; and the worst of these are the last, for blasphemy and indecency may scare away, but vulgarity and ugliness corrupt us more insidiously.

What must be the effect upon a nation of reading every day hundreds of obvious lies till they are accepted

as we accept birds flying to woods at evening? Yet anyone that sought to raise us in this matter to the level of any European country would be regarded as eccentric; and no censor would be tolerated for a moment who should interfere with our basest class in their fierce desire for money.

I have the honour to be Sir your obedient servant
DUNSANY.

POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Withington House Withington Manchester
20 December 1912.

SIR—So Mr. Winans has come out with his credentials. Really, I did not think he would take me literally. My meaning was that artists, like other mortals, differ in opinion, and not even had Mr. Winans won as many Grands Prix as a soap manufacturer could he claim to speak for the body of his fellows. Nor ought he to misquote my letter, though it is a common device of controversialists with a bad case. If he will read it again, he will find I did not say that "a year's attendance at an art school gives a man enough proficiency in drawing to become an artist". What I did say was that nearly anyone could learn to draw academically by attending classes at an art school for a year. The distinction is a considerable one, though Mr. Winans does not seem to have perceived it.

As to Mr. Friswell, I fear he will have hard work to prove that Monet's compositions contain qualities of lineal design. But perhaps he means Manet.

Yours faithfully
O. RAYMOND DREY.

MILESTONES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glendora Hindhead Surrey
16 December 1912.

SIR—As the title of one of the most popular London plays of the year, the word at the head of these remarks is familiar enough to us all; but it surely is not so well known that milestones still stand about the country indicating not measured miles but the "customary" mile, something entirely different (about a mile and a half by our modern statute reckoning), the origin of which is a mystery. The old milestones, with their "customary" messages, were fixed by order of quarter sessions nearly two centuries ago, stating in each case the distance to the nearest market town—and there they stand, reminding us of days when travelling was difficult and perilous and "intelligence", as the old sessions orders expressed it, was "difficult to be had".

It would be interesting to know how many remain standing to-day, but I have records of several within a single county. The City of London formerly boasted two famous starting points from which to measure milestones—namely Hicks' Hall and the Standard in Cornhill. Few persons to day, however, could indicate these spots with any precision.

I am Sir your obedient servant
J. LANDFEAR LUCAS
(Spectacle Makers' Company).

LOST TUNES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

32 Shelbourne Road Dublin
27 November 1912

SIR—Relative to my previous communication on this subject, I find I was in error in attributing "Water parted from the Sea" to Tenducci. Both the words and music of the air were written by Dr. Arne and are to be found in his opera "Artaxerxes", as originally produced at Covent Garden on 2 February 1762.

Yours faithfully
W. J. LAWRENCE.

REVIEWS.

THE NADIR OF THE NOVEL.

"Molyneux of Mayfair." By Duncan Schwann.
London: Heinemann. 1912. 6s.

HOW any educated man can write, and how any male or female outside Hanwell can read, this farrago of dull and vulgar nonsense passes our comprehension. Who is this Dead-sea Ape who grins at us from the title-page? We are glad to say that we do not know him in the flesh, though we have been told that he exists: we are content to take him as a type of the modern clubman, who practises what Disraeli called "a little decorous profligacy" and hangs loose upon society. He is an odious, contemptible type, and so far from being made the hero of a novel, ought to be the butt of the Dean of St. Paul's. Who are these young women who leer at us from the middle of the volume with all the brazen familiarity of the pedestrian Paphians of Piccadilly? They too are types, we fear, types of some young women of the present day, as true unfortunately to life as the Dead-sea Ape of the title-page, a manicurist, a music-hall actress, a lewd little bourgeoisie from West Kensington, a young blackguard who buys jewellery on tick, and swaggers from dancing clubs to Savoy suppers—pah! the whole thing reeks of stale cigarette-smoke and verveine! Can it really be that all this brainless patter about "nighties", and "snips", and "smart" represents the conversation of the young men and women of the day? There is not a spark of wit, not a gleam of humour, not a stroke of character in this dreary jumble of slang and vice and cheap cynicism; not a serious thought, not a hint that the author believes in God or man, or noble purpose, or in anything but eating, drinking, and the lowest excesses of the apolaustic life. And all this is written to amuse us, which it does less successfully than the drunkard's song, at last disappearing from the musical-hall programme.

It would not have been worth our while to record our protest against this tedious buffoonery, which might have been left to die of its own inherent feebleness were it not for the larger and more serious question, is this indeed the modern novel? We have heard that the book is a success, and that the author has received a lucrative commission to write similar stuff for a weekly organ which shall be nameless. Can it be that this perfectly worthless hotchpot of chestnuts—for even in the election meeting, the only respectable chapter of the book, the author has the audacity to tell the story of "have you left off beating your wife?", which would be howled down at a circuit mess—can it be that this is the best which a young man of education and ability can produce in the way of fiction? Three men past fifty, of whom the writer of this article was one, were discussing over their wine a few nights ago the novels of Disraeli, Thackeray, and Trollope. We quoted "Vivian Grey", and "The Young Duke", and "Tancred": we recalled old Lady Kew and Major Pendennis, Barnes Newcome, Becky Sharp, and the Crawleys: we talked of "Orley Farm" and Furnival K.C., of Bishop Proudie and his wife, of Sir Thomas Underwood in "Ralph the Heir". These novels were written fifty years ago: and yet how easily and how fondly we discussed our old friends! Who will remember or discuss "Molyneux of Mayfair" a year hence? If Mr. Duncan Schwann has given up the House of Commons to prostitute his pen to the production of this rubbish, we wish that he had remained in politics. Mr. Schwann wrote a very good little book a year or two ago about the House of Commons, which we thought at the time was full of promise. The judgments of men and things struck us as being shrewd and well-balanced, and the style good for so young a writer. It is the recollection of what Mr. Schwann can do that makes us so angry with what he is doing now. Mr. Schwann is undoubtedly a young man of ability, and he has been equipped with the very best education which public

school and university can supply. Why does Mr. Schwann pretend to a knowledge of this raffish world which luckily he cannot have? Why does he tease us with the wearisome affectation of a *roué*, when in reality he is a young man of sound principles, who married early? If he wishes to save his soul as an author, let him give up the idea of being funny. Just as the man who keeps on telling stories is the greatest bore in the world, so the author who sits down to write an amusing book is always the dullest of dogs. Wit, if one has it, is something which plays and flashes upon the page as the pen moves over it: humour is an undercurrent which flows almost unconsciously from its source in the mind: neither is to be commanded by conscious effort. If Mr. Schwann is bent on writing novels, let him study the pathos of Thackeray; let him ponder the moral purpose of "Middlemarch"; let him try to appreciate the deep, still humour of Trollope. Or, if these great masters are too old for him, let him read Arnold Bennett and try to feel the sadness that underlies the terribly minute characterisation of that writer. There is ten times more interest in the life of an old woman living over her shop in the Potteries, as told by Mr. Bennett, than there is in the glittering, brainless romping of Mr. Schwann's fashionables in Mayfair.

ILLUSTRIOUS SPARKS.

"The Cumberland Letters, 1771-1784." Edited by Clementina Black. London: Secker. 1912. 16s. net.

COWPER'S gentle satire on the "fond attempt to give a deathless lot to names ignoble, born to be forgot" of the "Biographia Britannica" is written from the point of view of the eighteenth-century gentleman. "Ignoble" should be "ignote"; a name "of little note" is not necessarily ignoble. But the child burning the newspaper is a charming little vignette, and provides an excellent motto. For these letters are written by two brothers "of little note", and they were parson and, though not of a parish but in the Royal Exchange Assurance, clerk.

The eighteenth-century view is gone. The twentieth contents itself with wondering how on earth its neighbours got into "Who's Who". Far be it from us to deny to "Who's Who" the epithet of historic. Not in Cowper's sense, but in the modern sense of the word, it is an "historic page". For the old bad idea of history, that it was concerned only with "Quicquid delirant reges", is dead. Delirat Achivus now, and can't keep out of print. Tess is as tragic as Electra. And the eighteenth century is "the fashion", or was last week. Collectors pour out their dollars for its furniture, connoisseurs fight for its art, bookmen have a very soft spot in their hearts for its "Dear, lost, delightful people".

Those people we can understand best from their letters. Up to, say, eighty years ago almost the only letters published were the correspondence of great men, the lucubrations of men of letters, and the well-turned periods of the professed letter-writers. One very rarely caught the great man without his wig, the literary man was often shoppy, the Walpoles visibly artificial. The last class too may roughly be said to have been "swells" to a man and to a woman. The letters of the middle class, of your parson or your barrister, never reached print unless they appeared, weeded out of all resemblance to humanity, when he died a bishop or a judge.

We have altered all that. Into an age avid of gossip Miss Black has done well to introduce this first instalment of the "Cumberland Letters". The Cumberlands, Richard and George, were "ordinary men principally concerned, as we ourselves are to-day, with their own feelings and affairs", and Miss Black truly says, "It is, indeed, precisely this unconsciousness which gives these letters their value". Johnson says that in reading the "Journal de Stella" we meet with great names and are buoyed up with the hope that something will come of it. That, again, is eighteenth

century. Some of us now are more concerned with the "intolerable rascal Patrick", who dropped the towels in the river, and whose tame linnet was the wildest thing in creation, than with Harley or S. John.

We shall not, at least in this first volume, meet with very great names. Nor with many great events. Richard, the parson, was on board the "Royal George" the evening before she went down, and only just missed seeing her founder. "We walked to the Point and came up just as they had brought one of the poor Fellows on shore and were rolling him on a Barrel in his wet cloaths and in the Rain." Richard was enthusiastic for the Society for the recovery of the apparently drowned, and compelled the crowd to adopt humaner methods. In vain. "After the greatest exertion I ever made for two Hours had the Mortification of only leaving the Bodies in a more decent Situation than I found them." George, the clerk, watched the Gordon Riots "standing the greatest part of Sunday night in a wall near the Romish Chapell in Moorfields witnessing to scenes which made my heart bleed". In consequence, "To make my Mother easy, who no doubt supposes me in eminent danger and in the heart of the mob, you may let her know that it is out of my power to be there as I am confined at home by a violent cold which gives me pluratic pains, that I am setting in a flannel waistcoat before a good fire, and comforting the two good women who have flown into my room for protection from their own fears".

From which we learn that the Cumberlands were both good fellows, that people really did roll the apparently drowned on barrels (which we had thought as mythical as putting salt on a bird's tail), and that the flannel waistcoat of the eighteenth was a different thing from the curt and insufficient vestment so called in the nineteenth century.

But for these two public events, the book is full of the Cumberlands themselves. Of Richard's Cambridge days, his bills (one may learn exactly what it cost a frugal young man to live at Magdalene in 1771), of his boatings ("You know I always loved an Oar"), his "declamations" (?) in "Chapple", his "old jade of a Bedmaker" ("I hate jobbing servants of all things"), of his bear-leadings, his ordination, his quarrels over the commutation of his tithe, his sober consideration of matrimony, of the whole life of an eighteenth-century country parson.

George writes of his work which he disliked, of his art which he loved, of his walks, of dining alone at Wimbleton "on a Shoulder of Veal, Leg of Pork, Rice Pudding, Gooseberry Pye and Sallad (for one shilling only my eating which I think beats all I have heard of French Ordinaries)". He writes of his office troubles, his troubles with his landladies, of his many errands (he was one of those delightful boys to whom everyone gives "commissions"), finally of his law troubles over a legacy. We leave him in possession of it, fleeced of £1300, but able to leave his office to spend another sixty years with his beloved arts.

Both brothers write of their mother, an excellent woman but a worrier—of the son she was with and about the son she was absent from. And they write of an aunt—when compelled. Had the poor lady lived in the twentieth century, she would have been a window-breaker. Living in the eighteenth she was obliged to get into frequent prison by most unladylike methods.

And George writes of his Loves. He had excellent taste. He ought to have married at least two of them, Miss Townsend and Miss Green. Would there were space for some of the latter's epistles!

These are capital letters. The brothers, to be sure, spell as it pleases heaven. Richard is legal in his neglect of punctuation. But we hope to meet them again.

It is a pity that, where a word is illegible from age or from the seal (a common mishap in the pre-envelope days), Miss Black always substitutes brackets. In most cases the context gives the word. Miss Black's method is conscientious, but jumpy. And the book, admirably printed on good paper and embellished with

"Shades" ("Silhouette" was not yet) by G. Cumberland, which match the matter, is too smart externally. In scarlet and coats of arms it looks like a Royal flunkey. "Comedy wonders at being so fine", as was said of a distant cousin of these boys, Sir Fretful Plagiary.

But for Miss Black's commentary connecting the letters we have nothing but praise. It is well done and not overdone. We hope her confessed tendresse for George Cumberland will soon impel her to give us the second instalment.

SOUTH AFRICAN SETTLEMENT.

"The Union of South Africa." With Chapters on Rhodesia and the Native Territories of the High Commission. By W. Basil Worsfold. "The All-Red Series." London: Pitman. 1912.

WE dislike nothing in "The All-Red Series" except its name. But with all respect to Mr. Bernhard Wise and the earlier ruddy monographists, Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, their venture is dignified by the acquisition of its South African part, which is Mr. Basil Worsfold's. Handbook we suppose we must call it, but this handbook is literature. Here—admirably full and lucid in arrangement—is all you can conceivably want to know about South Africa; but, therewithal, is what you may more easily want than find—information dispensed by a scholar, with a scholar's economy and sense of words, and the cunning of a man of letters. Mr. Worsfold describes himself modestly on his titlepage as "sometime editor of the 'Johannesburg Star'". A distinguished editorship was his, in the difficult period of Reconstruction, when, fearless but quiet, he supported the authors of that big task in the teeth of formidable grumblers. But his apprenticeship to the South African problem was not the journalist's, and his first relationship to the country, now many years old, was, rather, academical. Quite a little library of historical writings have preceded his latest review of the South African Union, and his publishers and his public are the luckier, since the ground is familiar and the hand practised.

We like the plan of this volume. There are five parts. In "The Land and the People" we have chapters on the physical characteristics—climate, geology, the population. The native races are described and the Semitic occupations, which begin in 1200 B.C., when Mashonaland was the land of Punt, and go on to the coming of the Mohammedans. Then European colonisation begins with Diaz and that brief miracle of the Portuguese; the Dutch East India Company enters, and British occupation follows. It is the oldest story, often told, and by Mr. Worsfold among others; but retold now in 188 pages that contrive to fascinate anew and to omit naught essential. Not Boer nor Jingo could exclaim on Mr. Worsfold's fairness. "The long war, terrible as was the loss of life and property which it entailed, left the people of the two races with a vastly better knowledge of each other." There, in three lines, is all that the best South Africans care now to remember. Nor would any member of the present Dutch Ministry soberly impugn Mr. Worsfold's judgment—enthusiastic for him—on the hand to which fell the labour of rebuilding. "As Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa he (Lord Milner) had earned the confidence both of the Home Government and of the British and loyal Dutch in South Africa; and while the war was in its later stages, as Governor of the new Colonies he had thought out the processes, and in part created the actual administrative machinery, of the Reconstruction. The repatriation was accomplished with such smoothness and rapidity that within seven months of the declaration of peace Mr. Chamberlain was able to visit the new and old Colonies of South Africa and to discuss the problems of the situation with Lord Milner on the spot (25 December 1902—25 February 1903). Just two years later (31 March 1905) Lord Milner resigned his office. In less than three years of peace he had

reconstructed the entire political and economic fabric of the new Colonies upon a wider and more enlightened basis. In so doing he had vastly increased the material resources of their inhabitants, created a Civil Service at once pure and efficient, doubled the railways, built schools and public buildings, and brought the joint finances of the two Colonies to a point which secured the early provision of the funds necessary to complete their equipment as civilised and progressive States. At the same time, as High Commissioner, he had skilfully promoted every form of inter-State action among the separate Colonies, and thus prepared the way for the establishment of an Administration common to them all."

We said "judgment"; but this is rather a statement of bare fact, better, wiser, because none can gainsay it. Milner might be abused, but his work remained, and not the least admirable and ironic symptom of the confidence involuntarily placed in the late High Commissioner by his foes was the readiness with which they confided land en volk to his young men, the pupils of "the kindergarten". These—Mr. Duncan, Mr. Curtis, and the rest—actually made that Union of South Africa, of which Mr. Worsfold's Part II. is invaluable exposition and commentary. There are chapters on the Constitution, the provincial Administrations, the financial and administrative reorganisation, on the Supreme Court of South Africa. Let who so admires the fabric bethink him of the men who raised it, and who never would or could think of themselves. Mr. Worsfold, true to his plan here, refrains from adjectives and pats no backs. You read merely that "this group of Crown Colony officials, steeped in the Milner traditions, provided not only the technical knowledge necessary for framing the Union Constitution, but the driving power which brought the Union into being". But the author's pen pauses on one name; and, for ourselves, we own to a carnal desire to lay an admiring whack on a certain back out of New College, and wish (superfluously) more power to that strenuous and gallant elbow.

Part IV. is labelled "Industrial Development", and its first chapter is concerned appropriately with the labour supply, and gives soberly to thinking. The Chinese labour experiment will be in the reader's mind. This was a temporary measure and saved South Africa from an economic crisis, the finances of all four Colonies from consequent disorder, and the entire European population from loss and suffering. The war had scattered the body of one hundred thousand labourers gradually collected in the previous ten years, and the natives employed in large numbers by the military authorities had earned enough money to be temporarily beyond need of earning more. The declaration of peace, moreover, brought an exceptional demand for unskilled labour throughout South Africa. Bridges, farms, houses, roads, public buildings, railways had to be rebuilt or reconstructed, and, again, new railways and public buildings were being undertaken. The available labour in the country was a third less than was required, and of that two-thirds came from Portuguese territory. The Chinese came, and the output from the gold-mines of the Rand rose from £12,142,307 in 1903 to nearly £29,000,000 in 1908, the white men employed increasing from 13,207 in 1904 to 17,593 in 1908. Political considerations sent the Chinese home, and in 1910 the Indian Government cut off the supply of Indian industrial labour, on which Natal depended. For the present, South Africa depends for its unskilled labourers on its native African and coloured population. How long can this last? Mr. Worsfold's tables are illuminating. The native labour supply has been largely increased since 1906, but the industrial demands have increased also. At the end of 1910 the main industries of the Transvaal were short by one-third of their requirements. And the dearth of native labour for agriculture is considerably more serious. Altogether, though Mr. Worsfold neither says nor hints anything of the kind, the Union Government may find itself driven out of its predicament back on the Asiatic issue. An uncom-

fortable day that should be for some of our home politicians, if politicians had sense of humour or irony or shame.

The section of Mr. Worsfold's book given to Rhodesia is sound and informing, and intending settlers are not deluded as to the amount of capital which they require. On the future relation of the Colony to the Union Mr. Worsfold judiciously says little, and is content to indicate reasons why the Union Government may be unwilling to "take over". We wish we were sure that this will weigh with the Union. But South Rhodesia is safe from being swallowed so long as her people remain of their present mind, which is strongly against inclusion. Rhodesia and her settlers remind us of the Union Government's land settlement scheme, of which Mr. Worsfold's account in Part V.—"Political and Social Conditions"—is brief but sufficient. On 7 December 1911 General Smuts declared "a good sound policy of white immigration into South Africa" to be "one of the finest acts of statesmanship which can be achieved". "Nobody can tell me", he said elsewhere in the same speech, "that what has been done in Australia, New Zealand and Canada is impossible here in South Africa." Excellent; and so was the scheme of land settlement disclosed in subsequent speeches and in the debates in Parliament: an appropriation of £5,000,000, of which £1,000,000 is to be expended annually for the next five years. Mr. Fischer, in moving the second reading of the Bill in the House of Assembly, gave the order in which settlers are to be put on the land. First "poor white" South Africans to be settled in labour colonies; second, oversea immigrants with £200 to £250 capital; third, local applicants and oversea immigrants "with a moderate command of capital"; and fourth, applicants with large capital. As Mr. Worsfold remarks, "the value of such a measure depends entirely on the manner in which its provisions are administered". But General Botha, professing to encourage oversea immigration, encourages us but little. "The Government", he said, "in the second reading debate, "would first assist the poor whites in South Africa, and when they had assisted them and no further assistance was required and they had some money over, then they would see about immigration." A strong stand by the Opposition procured the insertion of a clause enabling the Minister of Lands to receive applications from possible British settlers through the High Commissioner's Office in London. The Government at first opposed, but then surrendered the point. That was something, of course, but scarce in the key of Mr. Smuts' "good sound policy of white immigration into South Africa".

ROYAL GARDENS.

"Royal Gardens." By Cyril Ward. London: Longmans. 1912. 16s. net.

SOME years ago, when *Rhododendron Pink Pearl* was not to be had under fifteen shillings each, and we were waiting till the price became less exorbitant, we were asked by a *nouveau riche* to visit a fine old manor which he had lately bought in a fair English county, and to advise him about ordering the garden and grounds. Observing that the soil was evidently one to suit what are perversely termed "American shrubs" (the great majority of them being natives of the Old World), perambulating the grounds, we remarked: "There is a splendid new hybrid *rhododendron*, *Pink Pearl*; you should certainly get it". "Oh, yes", was the reply, "I know it, and I have put fifty of it in a bed down yonder!"

In preparing his survey of "Royal Gardens", Mr. Cyril Ward has had to encounter a similar discouraging sense of opulence. In the nine great gardens that he describes one feels that the coat has been cut quite irrespectively of the supply of cloth, which is presumably inexhaustible. Everything is perfect, or ought to be, and in no single sentence does Mr. Ward admit that perfection has not been attained. The result, we

confess, is a monotony of excellence, which is as depressing in garden scenery as uniform virtue would be in the owners and cultivators thereof. One's sympathy is all with the dandelion that should venture to spring in one of these august borders; one shrinks from contemplating the inevitable fate of the toadstool that should dare to rear its humble dome on the expanse of shaven lawn. One misses in these stately parterres the charm received in passing from the roses whereon the vicar lavishes his care to the squire's grey-walled garden and terraces, and thence to the village, where white lilies luxuriate in the forecourts in a way that no amount of pampering will ensure even in a royal demesne.

In short, Mr. Cyril Ward has undertaken a difficult task. Where everything is done "top-hole"—to use an expressive slang term—the critic's occupation is gone, and when he has exhausted the vein of historic association he has to fall back on well-worn phrases of eulogy.

Garden lovers will find most interest in the two chapters which Mr. Ward devotes to garden design, and in the papers by Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Knowles. Mr. Hubbard describes the process by which Sir Dighton Probyn has been enabled to transform the huge mound of bare grass whereon stands the Round Tower of Windsor Castle into one of the most beautiful and remarkable gardens in England. Mr. Knowles has much of interest to communicate about the fine collection of trees and shrubs at Bagshot Park. The view in the Lily Garden at Bagshot, reproduced from Mr. Ward's water-colour, is one of the best in the book, the artist having been generous in those deep, cool tones which one misses in most of the others; but we look in vain for the lilies whence this spot should take its name, till we are directed to a small pond wherein water-lilies, which are not lilies at all, are said to thrive. A prettier study of water-lilies is given in the lake view at Sandringham.

The gardens which Mr. Ward has had to describe being mainly of the architectural type, it is natural that he should have something to say on the question so hotly debated between disciples of the rival schools—natural and artificial: "Some writers on garden design seem to have a strong dislike of any architectural features being included. They are mostly horticulturists pure and simple. In their opinion the functions of an architect entirely cease at the outer walls of the house. Others again, for the most part professional architects, insist that house and garden being parts of one scheme, both should be designed by the same person. There is a good deal to be said for and against both opinions. If architectural features are to be totally abolished one of the best ways for "setting" a house comfortably into its environment disappears. And, on the other hand, if built brick and stone work is overdone, the garden loses much of its charm and suavity through severe lines and hard edges taking the place rightly belonging to soft and blurred masses of foliage. Probably the wisest course is to make no hard and fast rule on the subject, but to allow the peculiar circumstances of each case to decide the matter".

We agree, and shall not pronounce for or against either doctrine, merely remarking that we know whence we derive most pleasure—the ordered jumble of grove, lawn, and parterre at, say, S. John's College, Oxford, or the lean, correct formality of Diane de Poitiers' terraces at Chenonceaux.

A word as to the two-and-thirty plates which enrich this fine volume. They are from the brush of the author, and contain passages of great delicacy and beauty. But we doubt whether they have not suffered in reproduction. For instance, it is pretty certain that Mr. Ward never gave that unpleasant ruddy tinge to the sheet of daffodils shown in the frontispiece, nor can he be held responsible for the violence of the scarlet which besprinkles some of the borders, as in the view of the Old Pond Garden at Hampton Court. Notwithstanding these minor defects, we congratulate him both as author and artist on the production of a remark-

able and desirable volume. The question suggests itself why the gardens of Buckingham Palace have not been included in the series.

SCIENCE AND MODERN STATE LIFE.

"The Underlying Principles of Modern Legislation."

By W. Jethro Brown. London: Murray. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS should prove a useful book to students of modern political philosophy and the theory of legislation. It is written by a competent Professor, and the treatment throughout is reasonably objective, as objective as the subject and the frailty of human nature, even when clothed in a professorial robe, permit. Professor Brown tells us at the outset that his purpose is "scientific" not "political"—"to state the principles that underlie the course of legislation, not to solve the problems with which statesmen have to deal". Whether there is or ought to be an antithesis between "scientific" and "political" is open to question; but as Professor Brown obviously intends "political" to mean "partisan", we may cordially approve of his purpose without necessarily approving of the English in which he expresses it. That his material throughout, and much both of his criticism and his argument, are essentially "political" is apparent to anyone who will read either the whole book or any fifty pages of it. That it need not for that reason inevitably cease to be "scientific" for the Professor's sake and the sake of all serious study of a serious subject we do most sincerely hope. Nor do we either understand or wholly sympathise with Professor Brown's eagerness to disclaim, in the sentence quoted above from the Preface, the intention of "solving problems with which statesmen have to deal". The duty of solving problems by a "scientific" or any other method is surely not the monopoly of statesmen: and if our Professors either at Oxford or Adelaide propose to confine themselves to an objective analysis and to hand over to statesmen the solution of complex and momentous problems of legislation, administration, and social and economic reconstruction it will be a bad day for the Professors and statesmen and a still worse one for the political societies to which they belong. The modern fashionable cant of "objectivity" rests indeed on the dangerous and ludicrous assumption that an investigator who deliberately determines to prove nothing will necessarily be a "scientific" guide to truth. The trained mind, it also assumes, is to collect the material, examine, sort, classify and analyse it, test it by every method that disciplined experience has codified into a system, and is then to fling the results of the analysis at the untrained mind, leaving it apparently to draw such conclusions as it pleases. Had J. S. Mill or Sir H. Maine (to name two eminent examples of opposed schools of thought) acted upon such principles of "impartial objectivity", science and the world would have been vastly poorer, and the constructive treatment of many questions would have suffered proportionately. A Professor who is not afraid to draw all the conclusions that his study of a subject suggests, even if they bring him into the centre of the "political" field or into collision with the "political" principles of parties, is not necessarily either unscientific or partisan. For the essential difference between a scientific and a partisan investigator is that the partisan sets out to state the arguments for a thesis which he assumes to be proved and disregards all conflicting evidence, whereas the scientist seeks principles that will cover all the evidence available.

Fortunately, Professor Brown's practice as exemplified in this book is not based on any assumption that it is no part of his duty as an investigator to shrink from conclusions, and he sees very clearly that "acceptance of my statement of legislative principles will not involve an endorsement of all the conclusions I have been led to express". His volume is divided into three parts, with a Prologue in which he examines the principles of a philosophic theory of anarchy (and very

decidedly rejects them). Part I. is devoted to a statement of principles in which Legislative Idealism, National Life and Thought and Fundamental Principles are discussed. Part II. takes up the principles in application and is mainly an examination of "The Truth in Laissez Faire" and the Rights of the Individual. Part III. is given to "Problems of To-day and To-morrow" (such as The Trust, Unemployment, The Non-living Wage, The Child, Democracy and so forth), concluding with a brief review of the present situation.

A careful reader will, we fancy, have some very definite impressions when he has reached page 331. Professor Brown is a careful and clear writer, but he is not an attractive writer. Of style in the literary sense there is little in his book. He will be read not because one page subtly and irresistibly compels you to go on to the next, but because he is obviously well informed, has thought out things for himself and can summarise with precision. His hand is rather heavy; it does not lighten the burden of the material; but the results are very useful and very relevant. No less evident is the amount of ground covered. It is a considerable feat to have compressed so much into 330 pages. Take for instance Chapter VIII. of Part II., where in forty pages eight Rights are analysed—The Right to Life, to Liberty, to Marry, to Land, to Work, to Equality of Opportunity, to Self-Government, to Do One's Duty, including the Right of Resistance. There they all are comfortably explained and briefly criticised and illustrated. The Professor has indeed exercised the Professorial Right (or Duty?) to work up to the hilt. But the results leave the reader, conscious of the fields of controversy so dexterously crossed, a little breathless, until he remembers that this chapter, like the rest of the book, is really introductory and not intended to be exhaustive. Indeed after we have passed the Prologue the reader is steadily plodding across many battlefields, strewn with living, dying and dead controversies; his guide points out the features of the topography and pauses, as occasion requires, to say what is appropriate of the combatants and the area of the action. We shall certainly know the theatre of war when we revisit it, and we shall recognise the combatants—meanwhile we glance, sometimes use our field-glass, sometimes pick up a weapon or a flag, and press on. For beyond the theatre of war lie the cliffs, and in the valleys below shrouded in the mist of to-day are the problems of to-day, and behind, even more thickly veiled, are clouds and mountain-tops, where dwell the spirits of the dawn. Professor Brown's judicial analysis of the outlook to-day and its bearing on to-morrow fully justifies his conclusion "that a review of the actual course of legislation reveals the presence of principles lying deeper than the antagonisms of parties or the conflicts of the schools". For the differences rest on an attitude towards life and the ideals of life, and here analysis can show that we are at bottom not dealing with formulæ which crystallise an immediate end, but with opposed theories of life in a political society and with opposed ideals of what constitutes a rational and progressive society. Even if we are all agreed (a large assumption), in the Aristotelian phrase, that the State exists to promote good life and well-being in its broadest and most comprehensive form, fundamental opposition is certain on the methods by which the State can achieve it, and a still deeper opposition as to whether even a successfully achieved programme of "reforms" will not destroy more valuable elements than it will create. To many, for example, if they assume for the sake of argument that Mr. Sidney Webb and his school have achieved all that their programme promises, the society it would create, the social order and postulates of thought and action it involves are intolerable. They would rather not live at all than live in such a world even if its mechanism worked as smoothly as the Utopia of any academic Utopian.

Professor Brown rightly emphasises, directly and indirectly, the importance of the economic factor in the

modern social and political problem. He might, we think, have developed the suspicion, that deepens as our study of these problems deepens, how frail and unsatisfactory is the help afforded by "scientific" economics. It is easy to jibe at economic science. But the suspicion we refer to is not the outcome of a cheap and vulgar contempt of political economy, nor of ignorance of what economic science has achieved and may yet achieve. Quite the contrary. It rests on a deep conviction that the economic element in the problems of to-day is so essential a feature of those problems that we need a much more certain economic science than we have so far created. The best and most candid representatives of economics furnish the argument for the conviction. For they frankly admit that for all the patient work that is being done the material is so complex, the conditions are so baffling and disparate that empirical conclusions are alone possible, and that experiments in many political societies on a very extended scale, which may prove very costly, will alone provide some guidance, and that the experts will also probably differ on the interpretation of the results. Is there, for example, any economic expert to-day who will commit himself to a precise prophecy of what the broad effect of the Old Age Pensions Act and the Insurance Act will be on the social and economic order of Great Britain in ten years' time? And this means not that we ought to shut up the professors of political economy in a lunatic asylum or banish their chairs to a university in Saturn and rely solely on the National Conservative Association, the National Liberal Federation, the Fabian Society and the orators of Hyde Park, but that we want and if we are to "solve" our problems successfully must get not less but much more economic science. Who will decide for us which is better for England and England's future, a badly managed nursery in a private home under an average mother or a well-managed crèche in an ideal municipal institution with a staff of trained municipal and spinster nurses?

TOO CLEVER.

"The Nest." By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. London: Arnold. 1912. 6s.

AFTER reading these stories the chief impression left is of their art. Not for a moment is it possible to imagine that any one of them is the extension of an impression left by some incident of life on the author's brain. Never do we imagine her, as we can imagine such a master as Maupassant, going about the world with a notebook, or even a retentive memory, to record the things which happen. For each of the five tales in this book we believe that a situation has been devised, elaborated, and polished. Yet—such is her art—Miss Sedgwick's work creates the illusion of life. We never seriously think that we are reading of the real thing, but the imitation bears with it no scent of a writer's study. Almost we could fancy that the tales were created in a studio from living models brought into posture at an artist's will. Such a method has its obvious advantages and disadvantages, and on the first count it will be seen that it destroys the chance of a character breaking up an interesting situation by doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. Human impulse is often for mending or ending its best problems at awkward moments, whilst the observer taking notes with a view to a story is, above all things, anxious that the events should run on until they form a chain. Nature and art are seldom reconciled save when the briefest and most inconclusive of glimpses is alone given.

Tales without an ending are sometimes termed subtle, but it is quite likely that they merely correspond with a page from a diary, and that "the rest is silence"—or chaos. But, in "The Nest" and the stories which follow, the end is always marked by a conclusive full-stop which says quite plainly that the particular incident is closed. Here we have a husband

returning home to tell his wife that a doctor has passed sentence of death upon him. He would have spared her the pain had he not discovered her intrigue with another man, but he deems that it will come to her as no wound. Actually it brings back all her wandering love, and she surrounds him with an affection far greater than he can long endure, but with only two months left for life he adopts the line of no resistance. If the doctor had been right there would have been but a thin sentimental interest in the tale, and it therefore causes no surprise when we discover he has been wrong. The man with his new lease of life takes the brutal course, and the situation is at an end, but, art apart, it might have been mended just as easily. Probably, indeed, it would have been, for a man returning from the gate of death is unlikely to be in a hurry at once to map out his future, and here we think Miss Sedgwick's psychology is wrong. The husband would have willingly wasted a little more of his time in dalliance, while the wife would have been disillusioned gradually. The impulse here would have been to mend doubtless but not to end, yet, as the chain had run to full length, the author intervenes. In "A Forsaken Temple", on the other hand, she passes several obvious chances of the quick conclusion, though always giving the almost satisfying excuse, but in "The Suicide" there is a stretching of a period of time which is almost startlingly convenient. "The White Pagoda", with its history of an artistic man and of the two widows who were always copying one another's tastes in drawing-room decoration, shows more sincerity, and in part it even seems a genuine study in feminine temperament. Miss Sedgwick, however, is seldom happy on the masculine side of a problem, for we can scarcely believe that the hero of this little tale would have shifted about between the two women because of his concern to know which of the pair was copying the other. In investigating these trivialities he himself appears petty, which is far from the author's desire. But there is no need to comment too severely on these lapses, for all of them would pass unobserved except in work which had a real claim on our admiration. In reading these stories most will exclaim "How clever!", and it is exactly their refinement of cleverness which is their weakness. They attempt to show life as a wonderfully constructed jig-saw puzzle.

THE AGE OF ATHANASIUS.

"Early History of the Christian Church." By Mgr. Louis Duchesne. Rendered into English from the Fourth Edition. Vol. II. London: Murray. 1912. 9s. net.

MONSIGNOR DUCHESNE'S great history of the Early Church has no modern rival in vivacity. Other works are equally comprehensive and equally learned, but none gives the same sense of reality and of the continuous effect of the past upon the present. His second volume, which covers the period from Diocletian till the end of the fourth century, deals with the heroic period of the Christian Church. The sternest of the persecutions is followed by the most important of controversies, and the actors are worthy of the scene. Another topic of permanent importance is the establishment of the hierarchy as co-ordinate with the great officers of state. When we address a bishop as "My Lord" we are giving effect to Constantine's policy, which made a place for the bishops in the elaborate bureaucracy that Diocletian had instituted. And at the same time the monastic order arose. It seems (though Mgr. Duchesne would dispute it) that the cessation of persecutions was the stimulus. Confessors who had suffered for their faith were the most honoured class in the Early Church; they shared the dignity of the clergy and had a portion of their authority. When peace came the ranks of the confessors were no longer recruited, and soon they were thinned by death. A remedy must be found; if the heathen would not

torture Christians, Christians must torment themselves. And so a new class of confessors arose—in Greek "confessor" came to be a technical term for a monk—who enjoyed the prerogatives of their predecessors. They believed that their austerities and solitude were for God's glory; and, good men as they were, there is ample evidence that they were purified and ennobled by the ascetic life. The strain upon their resolution must, indeed, have been intense when they thought of the enthusiasm that would welcome their return to the Church, and yet determined that their meals should be still fewer, their loneliness still more complete. Most of them persisted in their isolation to the end, though the visits of admiring pilgrims must have been some compensation for the public honours they had renounced.

Upon a Christendom in this state of heightened feeling the Arian controversy burst. Religion for twenty years had been the one absorbing topic. Every Christian had been in danger, though only a small minority had actually suffered, and none was inclined to indifference when the strife shifted from without to within. For several generations the whole intellectual ability of the age, we might almost say, was employed upon problems of theology. The consequence was a progressive bitterness of controversy; on the one hand S. Athanasius and his followers were pressing the logical statement of the faith, on the other the Arian innovators were steadily growing more positive and aggressive in their assertion of error; while outside both parties was a conservative party, preponderant at first in numbers but steadily diminishing, which was resolved to maintain peace and therefore to reject any theological terms, however accurate and edifying, that might provoke strife.

At first sight this party, which had Eusebius, the great scholar of the age, and the influence of the Court upon its side, might seem that of reason and charity. In fact its position was wavering from the first and soon showed itself untenable. It could only maintain itself by alliance with one or other of its consistent rivals, and it was morally discredited by the adherence of adventurers and seekers after promotion, who hoped for Court favour by posing as moderate men. Its theological efforts were directed time after time to the framing of a comprehensive creed which Catholics might sign and also Arians. For these conservatives—the word is Dr. Gwatkin's, who is the chief among English students of the controversy—had no prejudice against the doctrine of Athanasius; it was against his protests, his refusal to allow the Arians a place within the Church, that their hostility was aimed. Their moral poverty was shown by the unworthy devices employed to ruin him; even the better men among the conservatives were willing to believe the worst of one of the noblest and most consistent of Christian characters. This enmity, though it had not a theological motive to begin with, soon led the party into a practical alliance with the Arians, which made the latter, the consistent and resolute half of the combination, dominant for two generations. It also increased the bitterness of the orthodox, who invented the nickname "Semiarrians" for the conservatives, a nickname that was as effective, and as much resented, as that of "Pro-Boer" a few years ago. Yet while the leaders of the compromising party were men of little character, a younger generation was growing up among them that was to win the final victory for the faith. The great S. Basil and the two Gregories belonged by their training and alliances to it, not to the cause of Athanasius, and it is not the least evidence of his genius that he recognised their essential unity in belief with himself, while many of his partisans looked only to their association with the enemy. And meanwhile the convinced Arians were pushing their arguments to the extreme conclusion, and stating them in sometimes repulsive terms. Thus they frightened some and shocked others among their allies, and prepared the way for their own expulsion. For fifty years all three parties, not to speak of various isolated eccentrics,

had held bishoprics side by side. In the Latin-speaking lands, it is true, the Arians had been rare, though they had held some of the greatest sees, such as Milan. In the East the Catholics had been in a comparatively small minority, yet no consistent attempt had been made to eject them. Many had suffered, especially those who had been most vigorous in their protests, but it was not the policy of the party of compromise to depose bishops on a point of doctrine. The orthodox who, unlike S. Athanasius, would live and let live, were fairly safe. The end of this theological anarchy came with the accession to empire of Theodosius, a Spanish soldier as orthodox as S. Louis of France, and as unwilling to reason with a heretic. The Arians had grown offensive, the party of compromise had broken up, and its younger and better men had accepted the Nicene formula. So ended, in 381, the first stage of the great conflict, and the only stage that was purely theological. In the later phases politics were as important as religion. It was the rising national sense of Copts and Syrians that led them to adhere passionately to recondite distinctions which separated them from the orthodoxy of Constantinople. The doctrinal difference was a mark of loyalty, as in the Netherlands under William the Silent and in Ulster under William III.

The more disinterested debate of Athanasius and Basil was carried on at a higher and humaner level of thought and of writing than the turbid struggle which followed. There is eloquence and philosophy and humour in the writings of the orthodox leaders; and if there is too much denunciation for our taste we must remember that abuse was part of the training of the rhetorician, and we need not take it more seriously than his audience took Demosthenes' ribaldry about the mother of Æschines. The story has found an admirably lucid and impartial narrator; we wish that he had been worthily rendered into English. The anonymous translation is not bad, as translations go, but it is wooden, and often misses the finer points. And such an expression as "the crime, clearly a faked one" is nothing less than an outrage.

A BY-PRODUCT.

"Wellington's Army, 1809-1814." By C. W. C. Oman.
With Illustrations. London: Arnold. 1912
7s. 6d. net.

ALL readers of Mr. Oman's "History of the Peninsular War" have noticed with what remarkable diligence he has sought out his innumerable references and authorities. It is obvious that when thus employed he must have come across many more or less veracious military details unsuited for his great work. Hence this book, which is an attempt to utilise these by-products of his labours by compressing them into a volume which may appeal to and find a purchaser in the general reader who objects to learn anything about our Army unless it is presented to him in a gossipy form. As a matter of fact, this is not the first time that an attempt has been made to tell the public something about Wellington's army, for some ten or twelve years ago Mr. Fitchett brought out a book on the subject which Mr. Oman declares, and we think with justice, to be "rather disappointing". Unfortunately, this term also applies to this volume, and probably for the same reason which Mr. Oman gives when he most justly condemns Southey's notorious work—that "it was written by a literary man without any military experience". If Mr. Oman could only realise that he himself labours under exactly the same disadvantages, he would improve the prospect of his military writings finding general acceptance. As it is, his habit of enunciating his military decisions upon all and every subject connected with the art of war as if they were final is at times somewhat comic. Thus he gravely declares that he is "compelled to acquiesce in the hard judgment which Lord Roberts wrote in his 'Rise of Wellington'".

It may possibly comfort Lord Roberts to read this, but it will hardly affect the memory of Wellington. Nor will the admirers of the Iron Duke be greatly perturbed when they read that Mr. Oman "is inclined to think that Wellington was a little hard on his cavalry".

Mr. Oman in places coins novel military terms which are unintelligible to the soldier. Thus he repeatedly calls a line of skirmishers a "sheath", and instead of saying that an officer "covered" his front with light troops, he says he "sheathed" it. This simile is utterly wrong when thus used to describe men placed to shield or cover a formed mass on one side only—namely the side nearest to the enemy. He also makes a mistake when he attempts to give details on sundry matters about which he can know but little. Thus at one place he tells us that in a certain battalion, well known to have been composed during the Peninsular War almost entirely of Germans and other foreigners, the foreign element was in a minority. Yet a few pages later he alludes to it correctly as "a foreign battalion", and again, later on, as "one of the three German units". As regards minor details of uniform he is equally unfortunate, for on page 300 he describes a certain head-dress as "a cap destitute of the peak to shade the eyes" and yet on page 188 he gives a contemporary illustration of the same cap showing the peak clearly, but turned up, as was the usual custom. With the technicalities of fire-arms he is equally unlucky, for he describes as "interesting" how in 1808 a corps armed with rifles applied for mallets to enable them to drive home their ramrods, such instruments being "absolutely necessary", in innocence of the fact that the weapon had been in use since 1800 by the Rifle Corps, which had almost at once discarded the mallets as unnecessary and had since been engaged in several campaigns in which they had used their rifles without mallets with marked success. Again he says that "the riflemen carried no bayonet but a very short and curved sword, more useful for chopping wood". He apparently has never heard of the sword-bayonet which took the place of the bayonet and was used with effect from Roliça, the first battle in the Peninsula, up to Waterloo. Such mistakes are no doubt trivial, but surely it is asking for trouble to enter into such details if not equipped with adequate knowledge.

The book is crammed with extracts and quotations from the works of divers military writers well known to most soldiers. Thus he gives Marshal Bugeaud's oft-repeated account of British infantry in action (two pages), and later on we come upon no less than ten pages taken from Gurwood's Selected General Orders dealing with "orders on the march". The book apparently aims at being a complete "Peninsular primer". There is a long appendix in which the divisional and brigade organisation of Wellington's army from 1809 to 1814 is recapitulated. This was published by Mr. C. T. Atkinson, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, in the "Historical Review" about eight years ago, and is of unquestioned value to any student of the great war, but it is not new.

Six plates are given of the uniforms worn by Wellington's Army. Presumably these are of British regiments, since it is not stated that they represent any of the numerous corps of foreigners at that time in our pay. Some of these plates are so obviously incorrect that we took the trouble to ascertain how and where they had been obtained. They will all six be found in Volume I. of Major Ludlow Beamish's excellent "History of the King's German Legion", published in 1832. Beamish gives them in colours and describes them carefully. Mr. Oman has had them reproduced in monochrome, and in five cases out of six has re-named them. This is so extraordinary that we feel compelled to give chapter and verse for some of these variations. Thus Beamish's "Private First Dragoons, 1803", on Plate 3 is re-named by Mr. Oman on Plate VII. "Private of Heavy Dragoons, 1809"; next, his officer of "Second Light Infantry" on Plate 5 is named "Officer of

Rifles, 1809" on Plate V., which the original assuredly is not. Most astonishing of all, Beamish's private or gunner of "Artillery" on Plate 8 is renamed by Mr. Oman on Plate VI. as "Omcer of Light Dragoons, uniform of 1809". Mr. Oman seems to be pleased with this last stroke, as he has had the figure reproduced upon the cover of his book minus the spur on the left foot, which Beamish shows clearly. Does Mr. Oman claim to be restoring these figures to a source whence Beamish stole and renamed them? Only so could we excuse this "conversion", as lawyers say.

NOVELS.

"Hocken and Hunken." By "Q". Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1912. 6s.

The binding of this book asserts in two places that "Q" is Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the new Professor of Literature at Cambridge; the title-page reminds us that "Q" is the author of "Troy Town"—as if we believed the one or required to be told the other! We agree that anyone who can write so charming a book ought to be a Professor of Literature; but who cares about academic honours when "Q" is loose in Troy Town once more? And it is not as if he were the ordinary careful idiot, with a note-book full of local colour from which an atmosphere tainted with midnight oil can be manufactured; he just writes (impeccable English, by the way), and Troy lives in the printed page, as brisk as a Manx poem by T. E. Brown, and we cannot say him fairer than that! His protagonists, the retired Captains Hocken and Hunken, we do not remember to have met before; but other known faces we welcome again right gladly, and hope soon to read more about the Captains Courageous. In this book we learn how they retired from the sea and dwelt together in twin cottages overlooking the Harbour of Troy, and how there was a certain attractive widow who played a very old game with great zest, and how "amantium irae" proved once more to be "redintegratio amoris", only not in the usual sentimentalist's way. We are sufficiently taciturn by nature to laugh aloud but seldom over a book; but one scene at least in this chronicle broke us down, or up. That was the description of how the gentleman who held the stakes (in his mouth) for the Captains' rowing-match swallowed the two sovereigns in the excitement of the moment; but could only restore, under the influence of mixed emetics, eighteenpence in small silver. Let the Knight Professor go to Cambridge, "Q", but stay at home in Troy and write.

"The Lost World." By Arthur Conan Doyle. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1912. 6s.

We wish it were possible to treat this romance as coming from an unknown writer; unfortunately—for the present purpose, though fortunately for us—we cannot disclaim fairly extensive acquaintance with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's previous books; and comparisons are odorous. If this were a first attempt we could appear mildly grateful to a promising author, who had obviously been reading such delightful books as the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson's "Extinct Monsters" which charmed us in our youth, and who knew something about the scientific theories of evolution and nothing about the art of verisimilitude in romance. Sir Arthur must know that you do not make your romance seem true by illustrating it with unplausibly "faked" photographs, nor by casting it in the form of a special correspondent's letters to his journal. The title-page forewarns the reader that this book is "an account of the recent amazing adventures of Professor George E. Challenger, Lord John Roxton, Professor Summerlee, and Mr. E. D. Malone of the 'Daily Gazette'", and in the course of the first few chapters one is made aware that these four men discover in South America a "preserve" of primeval monsters and ape-men. They have various adventures there, and return to London with a pterodactyl in a cage, which they let out in Queen's Hall in order to prove their

claim. That is all. Of course Sir Arthur does the thing well as far as the adventures are concerned; several passages in the book one prefers to read by day, standing with one's back to a wall of known solidity. Possibly that is all that the public demand of Sir Arthur; for ourselves we ask a little character in the romance, especially from the creator of the immortal idiot Dr. Watson. Well, it is a capital yarn; but O shades of Jules Verne and Stevenson!

"Promise of Arden." By Eric Parker. London: Smith, Elder. 1912. 6s.

If, as seems most likely, a book of this calibre is easily within the range of Mr. Parker's power, we shall expect more of him—and more in two senses. "Promise of Arden" is not bad, and not careless, and not unmarked by evidence of powers held in restraint; it is rather that it exhibits youthful energy training in graceful exercise, full of hints of real power to come. People who like a simple love-story will like this unheroic book, though they will find it different from the ordinary sentimental fare; people who read more deeply will find great sympathy and much humour. It is a tale of a young-old journalist who suddenly finds himself guardian of an orphaned family, of which the head is Peggy, a little mother of the type sanctioned by Mr. Barrie, and which comprises also two really capital small boys. We certainly hope to meet Peggy again in a few years, though we fear Murray and Allen by that time will be in the shades of the prison-house. We hasten to add that we speak in Wordsworthian metaphor. For adult interest we have Dacia, a sprightly and audacious young thing, and her distant and doubtful admirer who comes home in time to dissipate the young journalist's hankerings after Dacia. The book starts with a rather foolish mystery concerning a rather needless character; and the local parson and his wife, Mrs. Band, are too broadly farcical to fit the delicate picture of the children's home. But Miss Lovejoy, their governess, is delightfully true, and chapter xix. is a real triumph. It is only a pity that Mr. Parker, who pokes gentle fun from the heights of Eton and Oxford at the bad Latinity of the rector and Miss Lovejoy, should refer to "Atalanta racing over the field of corn and never bending a stem". Was not Camilla her other name?

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Thomas Hardy: a Critical Study." By Lascelles Abercrombie. London: Seeker. 1912. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, a writer of remarkable energy, has written a book on Mr. Hardy which proves over and over again that he is deeply moved by some of the most difficult problems of art and life. His aspiration is often charming, sometimes splendid. But the book is less successful in presenting or illuminating Mr. Hardy's work than in showing us the turmoil, intellectual and spiritual, into which the consideration of it throws Mr. Abercrombie. It has compelled him to question almost everything which an idler or ripper man might have taken for granted. He must needs question fiction—"What has fiction done in the highest matters?"—and asks us to perform the impossible task, to him obviously an easy one, of putting a novel beside "any great piece of poetry or sculpture or drama", and agree with him that there is something which the novel "too evidently lacks". He says some true and more suggestive things on almost every page, but he does not sufficiently relate his widespread vitality to the apparent business of his book. When he does he is not always satisfactory. Thus he argues with some force that "the highest art must have a metaphysic", and honestly admits that when Mr. Hardy attempts overtly to express his metaphysic he weakens his work: yet when he comes to closer quarters with the novels he too easily satisfies himself that the metaphysic is in the main that of "the highest art". His concern with his own style alone is enough to bar him from the truth. His style has some natural merits, a certain swashing fullness for example; but then his labour has apparently gone less to controlling this than to imitating it for its own sake. Whatever the cause, his theorising and his criticism of Mr. Hardy are both interesting, but do not much help one another. He would have scored more heavily

(Continued on page 810.)

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had he been content to write a book either about art or about Mr. Hardy. As it is, we regard the book as the fumes of a thinker's cauldron.

"Analysis of the System of Government throughout the British Empire." London: Macmillan. 1912. 5s. net.

Difficult and intricate though the task must have been, it is well done. This series of tables will fill a big gap in the library of political students. Just as the Empire has grown haphazard, so our systems of government have been fitted in. For once we may congratulate ourselves on a lack of political logic. Here are no preconceived ideas of political science at work, but a record of plain common-sense applied to fit each demand as necessity prompted. Carrying with us a vivid belief in personal freedom and fair-dealing, we have done our best to teach British subjects to govern themselves, and in those places where the strong hand of the Colonial Office still tempers local eccentricities the object is to protect ignorant and illiterate people from total corruption and exploitation. Windy glorification of democracy is so much the vogue nowadays that one feels keenly the danger sudden change may bring to many of our Colonies and Dependencies. Imagine a Babu Parliament in India, a negro Cabinet in Jamaica, and the Fiji islands like Samoa in the days of Stevenson. It is interesting to note that the authors take Sir Wilfrid Laurier seriously to task for his declaration that Canada need have no part in a British war it disapproved of. Aptly the point is taken that Canada either is or is not a part of the Empire—there is no half-way house which may close its back door to dangers and open the front to advantages. The making of war is an attribute of sovereignty, and the day any section of the Empire holds aloof from its obvious duty, it makes, in effect, a declaration of independence. Even General Botha found it necessary to let some light into the mind of Afrikanerdom on this point. We are surprised to see no reference to Colonial Conferences in relation to the Committee of Imperial Defence. In days of labour unrest it is strange to find the Chief Industrial Commissioner forgotten. Theory, it is true, ties him to the Board of Trade for parliamentary worryings by question and answer, but in practice the very strength of his position is freedom from political interference.

"Main Currents of Modern Thought." By Rudolf Eucken. London: Fisher Unwin. 1912. 12s. 6d. net.

This book offers itself with every mark of official distinction to recommend it for approval in advance. Firstly, it is by the Professor of Philosophy at the University of Jena; secondly, it was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1908; thirdly, it is translated by Mr. Meyrick Booth, a Bachelor of Science and Doctor of Philosophy in that famous University. To add to the attractive title already quoted, the book is described as "A Study of the Spiritual and Intellectual Movements of the Present Day". Finally, in Germany it has already passed through four editions. Professor Eucken, besides being a teacher and writer on technical philosophy, is also regarded in his own country, and in others—our own included—by many serious people as a prophet. As we are familiar with Pragmatism, so we are becoming acquainted with Activism as distinctively taught by Professor Eucken. It is an endeavour amongst many others that are being made to find in a spiritual philosophy the answer to the philosophical, and scientific, and political theories which ignore, or deny, or minimise man as a spiritual being. In this book Professor Eucken treats in detail these theories; and it is his object to show how in every case the notion of a spiritual world is needed to complete them and make them satisfying. As an example of the political we may mention his treatment of individualism and socialism, each alike being considered incomplete without reference to the spiritual nature of man, not merely as individually a spirit but as part of a spiritual world. If we ask how the spiritual mode of thinking which has become atrophied is to be restored we gather that it will come about by man arousing himself to the active exercise of his spiritual faculty when other modes have broken down in disappointment. It seems to us that practically Professor Eucken transcribes the spiritual teaching of Christianity, especially that as to conversion, though he says no more than that there seems in Christianity the "core" of the necessary spiritualism.

"Interpretation in Song." By H. Plunket Greene. London: Macmillan, and Stainer and Bell. 1912. 6s. net.

A singer who sets out to teach other singers to think runs serious risks. Singers, speaking generally, hate to have to think; generally also they aver that time is lacking them to accomplish the feat. A trifling requisite, or the lack of it, is not mentioned; and we, of course, are far too polite to mention it. Mr. Plunket Greene, however, is one of the

rare exceptions. He thinks; and not content with injuring his colleagues who use the vocal cords to afford the populace pleasure, he proceeds to insult them by telling them to follow his example. The result is exhilarating, but we doubt whether it will prove very instructive, for the simple enough reason that those most in need of instruction will decline to be instructed. The whole book consists of an appeal to singers to apply their intelligence to singing. Mr. Greene assumes that the majority of singers possess a certain amount of temperament; and perhaps he is right in the general assumption, though as to the amount we might differ. The ridicule he casts upon the tenor with a stiff collar shows how well he knows there are exceptions: the top A must be reached, the audience must be thrilled into hysterics, but the collar must at all costs be preserved intact. When it remains stiff the tenor is called a perfect artist; if it softens and droops his fate is sealed. The remarks on clear, intelligible and intelligent articulation come a trifle comically from a singer who was never, even at his very best, remarkable for his proficiency in this respect. Neither was Mr. Plunket Greene ever very sure as to his intonation; a fraction of a tone too high or too low was much too small a matter to worry one who was concerned entirely with "interpreting" great music. Nor was he a great dramatic interpreter; when, many years ago, he took the part of the Watchman in "Die Meistersinger" at Covent Garden he sang with a superb beauty of tone that was entirely out of keeping with the character. Since those long-past days he has grown and learned; and if only a few singers can be induced to read his book, and to grow and to learn likewise, all concert and opera goers will be the happier.

"Teutonic Myth and Legend." By Donald A. Mackenzie. London: Gresham Publishing Company. 1912. 7s. 6d. net.

This is a narrative arrangement of the principal Teutonic myths and legends. Tales of Asgard, of Odin, Loki, and Thor; the quasi-historic tales of Beowulf and Hamlet; the legends of the Nibelungs—they are well arranged and easily found. One of the most interesting of these chapters gives us the earliest version of the Hamlet story. Many of the actual details of the legend persist in Shakespeare's play. The scene between the Prince and his mother is very like. Polonius of the legend hides beneath a heap of straw, and Hamlet, feigning in his madness to be a cock, stamps upon the heap, discovers and kills him, afterwards distributing his body to the pigs. Hamlet of the legend of course is the hero as man of action; as in all the mediæval versions. Shakespeare's prince is entirely his own so far as character is concerned.

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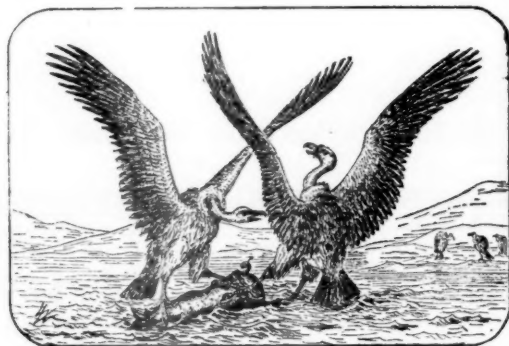
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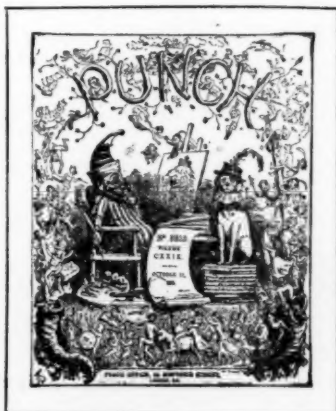
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